THE BYSTANDER
Vol. CVI.—No. 1372

APRIL 2, 1930

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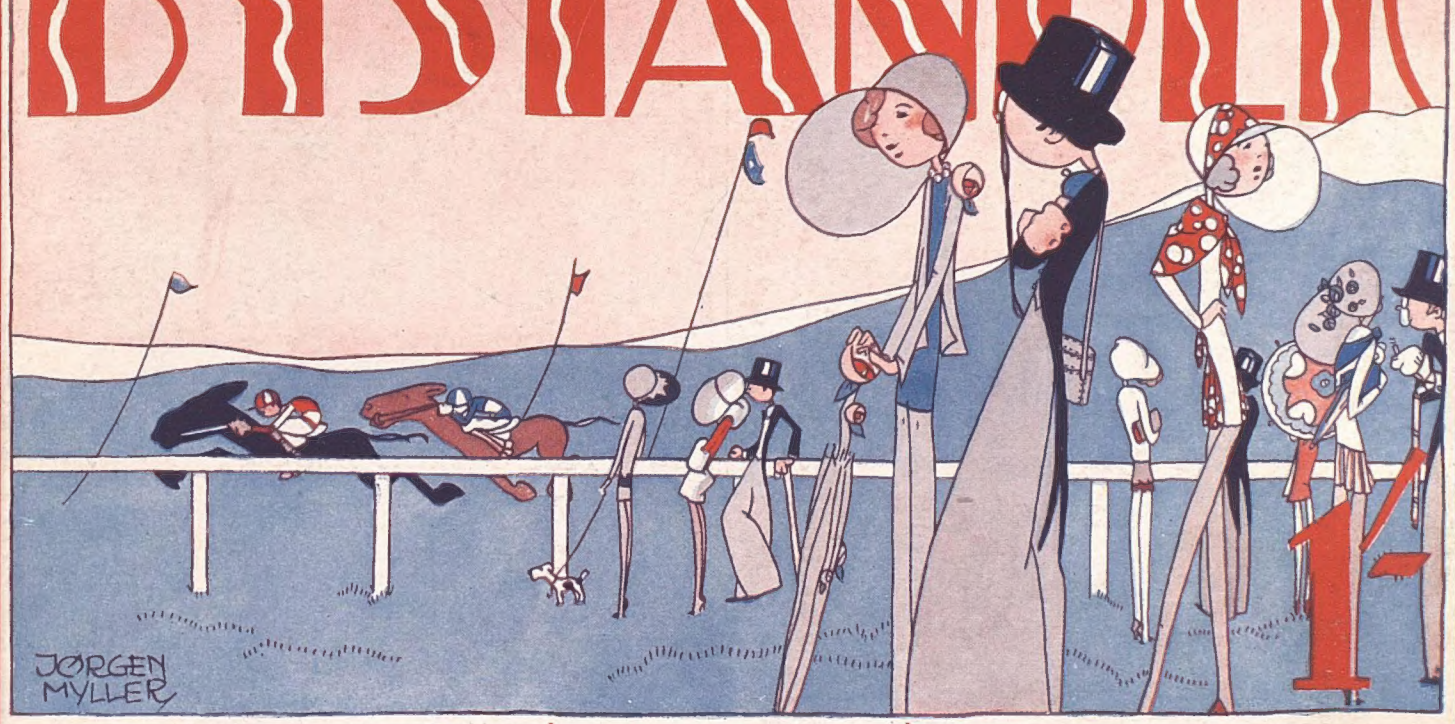
CELEBRITIES DISGUISED COMPETITION—*BIG PRIZES*

the BYSTANDER



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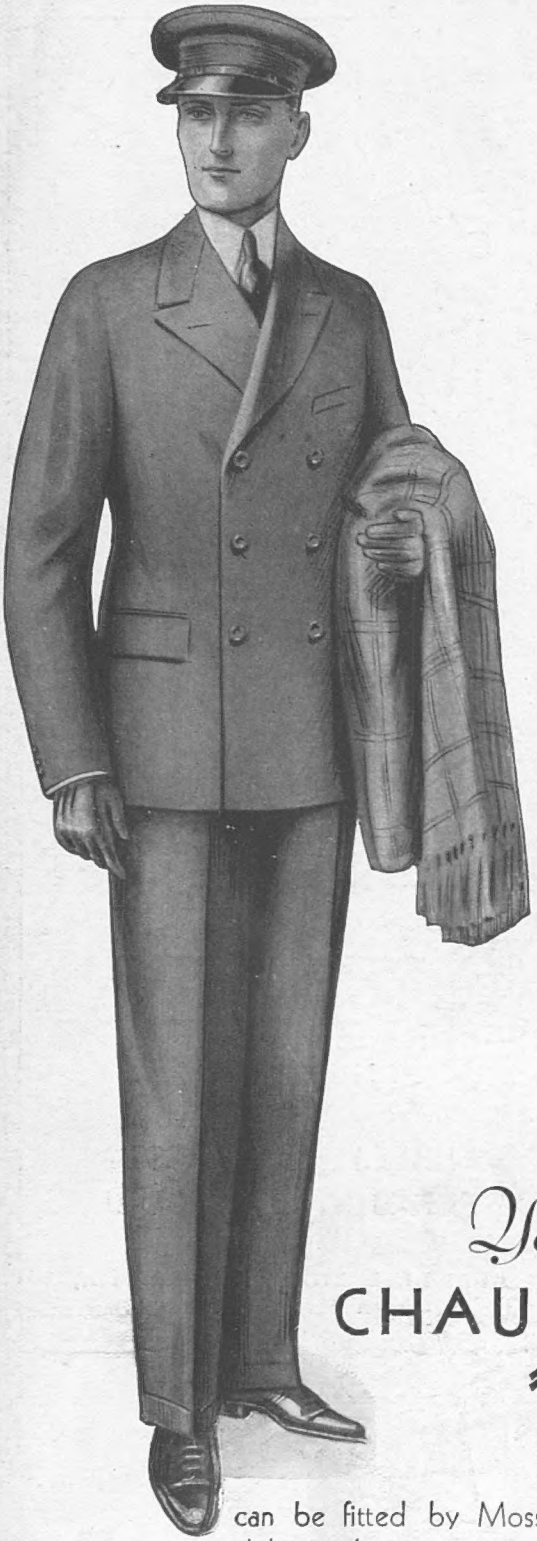

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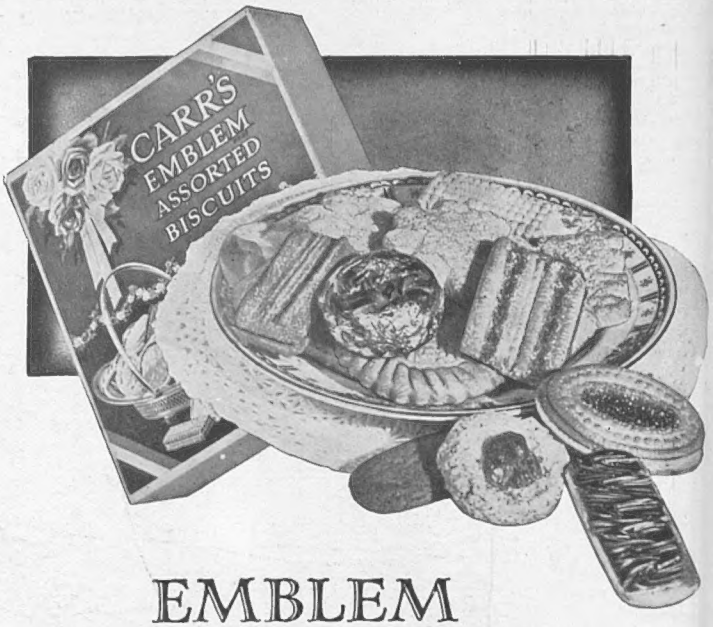

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the BYSTANDER

NIKITINA

The famous ballerina, who dances with Serge Liffar in C. B. Cochran's new "1930 Revue," at the London Pavilion. She is seen above as she appeared in "The Ball" during last year's Russian Ballet, where she scored such a success

Ralphael

"MOTLEY"

An excellent study portrayed by the camera which shows to what a fine art photography has now risen. The above picture was taken by Howard Coster, the well-known photographer

The Passing Hour

Central Press

ON THE FLAT AND ON THE LEVEL

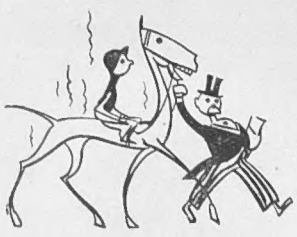
A group of jockeys going out to ride at the opening of the flat racing season, which took place at Lincoln last week

EASTER is now only a little more than a fortnight away, and everyone seems to have made plans to go to Le Touquet. The arrangements made for members of Nash's Club, though, sound almost like an "April fool." They sound far too good to be true. If you belong to the vigorous young successor of Masters you can, for the payment of fifteen guineas, go on a specially reserved Pullman coach from Victoria at midday on Thursday, be taken to the Hôtel Hermitage by road, become a temporary member of the Golf Club, enter the casino, play in the chemin de fer rooms, eat all your meals, as well as sleep, at the Hermitage, and, after luncheon on the following Tuesday, find that all your hotel bills have been paid, and the tips, and a car to take you back to Boulogne, where once again your fare has been paid for the journey.

Deauville Too

AT Easter last year my four days, quite apart from gambling, would have cost me at least £69 if I had had to pay for all my meals. The fortunate members of Nash's will have five days there for £15, including their railway fares.

Deauville is also making efforts to attract the English, and an English golf team, including one or two of the young men chosen to play golf against the Americans in the Walker Cup, will be seen on the links. They ought to have a good time. The generous M. André will see to that, one may be sure. And the new golf course up on the hill is an excellent one. The only trouble is that desperate crossing by night from Southampton to Havre. The best thing to do really is to go by Golden Arrow to Paris, and then take the Deauville express next day.



Sport and General

A French horse wins again! M. M. Boussac's Leonidas II, H. Southey up, being led in after his victory in the Lincolnshire Handicap. The bookmakers were quite pleased to pay the odds of 66 to 1, especially as outsiders also occupied second and third places!

"The Looking Glass Ball"

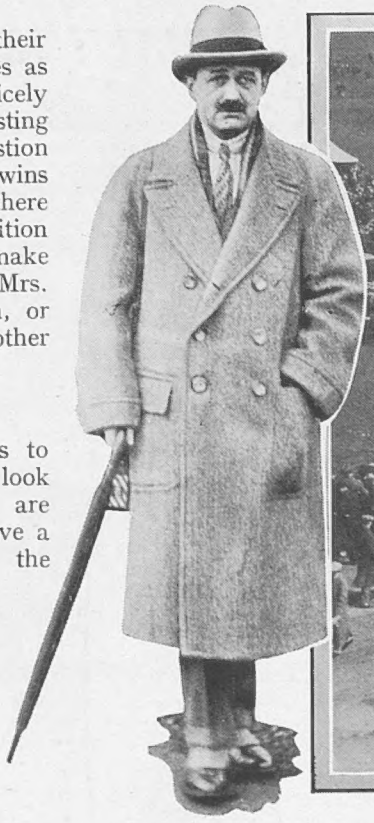
IT grows harder every year for organisers of charity dances to think of new ideas for the cabaret or tableaux. But Lady Aberdare ought to have a winner in "The Looking Glass Ball" at Grosvenor House towards the end of this month. The idea is that pairs

OURSELVES AS OTHERS SEE US

of people are to dress up as their "reflections," and see themselves as others see them. If they do it nicely they will win prizes. An interesting feature in the proceedings in question is the fact that several sets of twins are to take part. I imagine that there will have to be a separate competition for them. No two people could make themselves more alike than Mrs. Barran and Miss Hore-Ruthven, or the Ward twins, or any of the other twins.

Their "Reflections"

IT is always a little dangerous to suggest to people that they look like someone else—unless they are men, and even then it may prove a somewhat risky proceeding if the companion is "odorous" enough. Otherwise it would be interesting to speculate whom Miss Baldwin or Lady Rachel Howard, or the new Duchess of Westminster, or Mrs. Edward Compton, or many others, would like to impersonate on such an occasion. Looking down the list, I see that the people who have bought tickets include Lady Louis Mountbatten, Lady Coke, Lady Bective, Lady Chalmers, Mrs. Dudley Ward, Lady Ribblesdale, Lady Riddell, and Mrs. Leopold Rothschild.



Central Press

M. M. Boussac, French owner of the French horse Leonidas II, winner of the Lincolnshire Handicap from Culzean and Knight Error

A GENERAL VIEW OF THE DURDA

The race for the Gautby Selling Plate—one of the hors d'ouvres to winner proved to be Mr. F. Burke's Darnley, G. Richards up. Darnley Joliment, by a le

Central Press

Leading in Mr. E. Robson's Claudine, F. Lane up, winner of the Trial Selling Plate, the first race of the flat racing season at Lincoln. Though numbered 13, she started favourite to beat a large field

WINNING SMILES G.P.U.

Mr. E. Robson (left), owner of Claudine, the first flat racing winner, with Sir Francis Towle, owner of Ophir, winner of the Brocklesby Trial Plate and Lady Towle at Lincoln

HORSES TO BRING YOU MONEY

AT LINCOLN RACECOURSE *Sport and General*

Lincolnshire Handicap—is nearing the finish, and the second favourite at 7 to 2, beating the first favourite.

About Peggy Joyce

PEGGY HOPKINS JOYCE, the author of that amusing book of reminiscences, "Men, Marriage and Me," has been married four times, but only one husband was really rich. In her book she refers to her "stage-career" at intervals, but I have yet to meet the man or woman who has seen her in a theatre, unless she was in the stalls or, more probably, a box.

What her fascination is to men it is difficult for a mere woman to understand. She is blonde, like a number of other women. She has a goodish figure, also like a number of other women. I give her up.

At the Bat

THE Bat Club has come to life again, and the electric lighting and decorations by Ionides are admirable. The club is original in having an ex-Guards officer as barman. He does not wear his nice red-and-blue tie, but he shakes a very pretty cocktail. Which recalls the latest word in the night-clubs and restaurants. To be up to date, you speak of a "rattle" of cocktails to designate a number of cocktails.

RACING HINTS

By "Old Orkney"

DURING last flat racing season horses I had recommended in this column kept popping up at long prices, and I repeatedly advised readers to keep a list of my selections for reference so they could work strictly to the system.

Money talks! I note horses that have been the medium of big commissions, and if they lose I advise that they should be backed each way until they win. I do not name an animal for any particular race. Here are my first six for season 1930. Good luck!

BERKELEY.—Was backed down from 10 to 1 to 7 to 1, and was confidently expected to win the Doddington Selling Plate (one mile and a quarter) at Lincoln. Finished third to Old Drinmore.

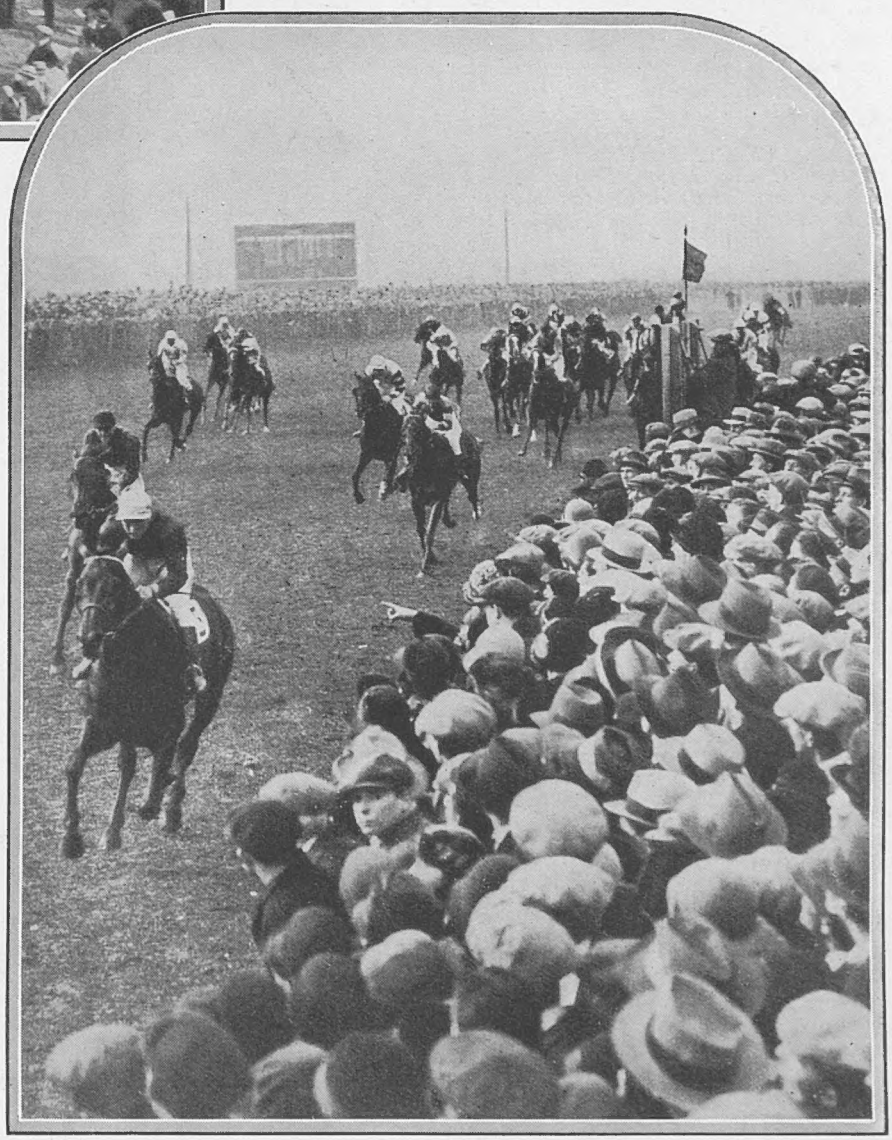
STORM CYCLE.—Lost a desperate race by a short head to Claudine. Distance, one mile, on opening day at Lincoln. Medium of a big commission. Had previously won a trial at Headquarters.

VAIN BACHELOR.—Second in a field of twenty-nine for Brocklesby Stakes (five furlongs) at Lincoln. Connections very confident, and there was some very heavy wagering. Was crowded out at the start and was left several lengths.

SEA OF STARS.—Was down the field for the Sudbrook Selling Plate (five furlongs) at Lingfield, but was badly bumped at the starting gate. Was heavily backed, £400 going on from one quarter at 5 to 1.

SOLDAN.—Just failed to land a big gamble in Blankney Selling Plate (seven furlongs) at Lincoln. Among the bets recorded were 500 to 80 (twice) and 500 to 100 (twice). Started favourite at 3 to 1.

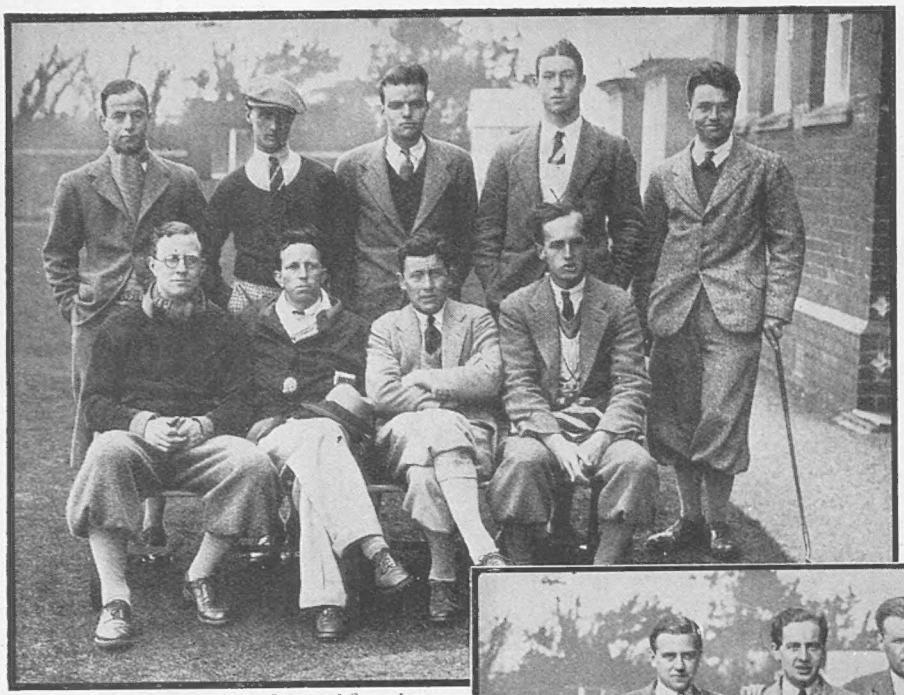
DANDIE DINMONT.—Was unlucky to lose the Kesteven Plate (one mile and three-quarters) at Lincoln. Was short head behind Confidence Trick.



G.P.U.

The finish of the Lincolnshire Handicap. Leonidas II, H. Southey up, an easy winner by three lengths from thirty-one runners, with Culzean and Knight Error hottest in pursuit. The price paid out by the Totalisator was rather disappointing and was not as good as that offered—but seldom taken—by the bookmakers in the Ring

SIR OSWALD AND THE PLEBIAN TOUCH



Sport and General

The Oxford and Cambridge Golf Match at Hoylake resulted in an easy victory for Oxford by twelve matches to three. The winning team, from left to right, are (standing) H. Scheftel, H. M. Bray, C. Sweeny, J. R. Keen and J. W. L. Adams; (seated) A. C. Marples, R. H. Baugh (captain), J. P. Marston and G. P. Jackson

Sport and General

The Cambridge team which suffered a severe beating at the hands of Oxford last week, from left to right, (standing) N. A. Keith, E. Martin-Smith, J. D. Kerr, I. K. McRosty and R. B. Beare; (seated) W. E. S. Bond, E. M. Prain (captain), W. C. Carr and W. H. Bermingham. The heaviness of the Cambridge defeat this year only equalled that which they sustained in 1921

Hay Wrightson

The Hon. Angela Hamar Greenwood, daughter of Lord and Lady Greenwood, to be presented by her mother at one of this Season's Courts. Her father sat in the House of Commons for many years and was raised to the peerage in 1929

£3 a Minute

I DID not go to see the Grand National. Instead, I went to my chiropodist. Perhaps it is a sign of being effete, but I much prefer seeing Becher's Brook on the screen. On the other hand, I saw a man speaking for nine minutes to Mr. Jock Whitney who, as you know, owns Easter Hero and Sir Lindsay. It was a lovely thought that at the end of the nine minutes Mr. Whitney was £30 richer than he was when the conversation began. For his income is a little over £3 a minute.

When I told someone this he started to work out what he was worth. He finally discovered it was a penny a minute. Mathematics never meant much to me, but I think that means he has about £2,000 a year. Anyway, he was looking rather down at the mouth until then. But his face was wreathed in smiles thereafter.

At the opening cocktail party of the Bat there were several pretty women, including Mrs. Cecil Pim.

Clothes and Sir Oswald

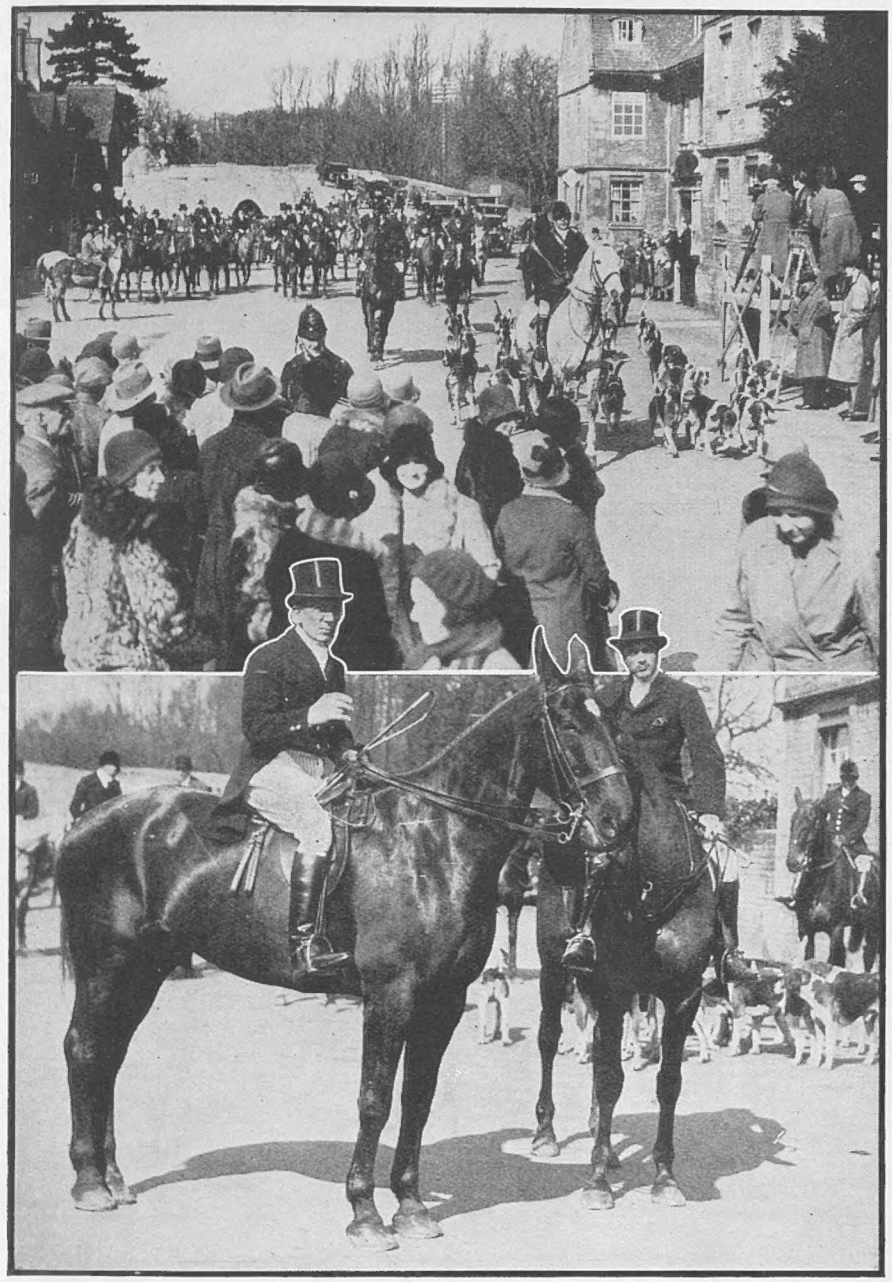
CLOTHES do not bother Sir Oswald Mosley. The other night he went to the Savoy Restaurant and sat at one of the front tables and watched the cabaret in day-clothes. This is, of course, against all the rules of the hotel, and several people muttered impolitely about it all. Sir Oswald did not mind. It would probably go down very well in his constituency. They say that Will Rogers managed to get into the Embassy one night in a blue serge suit. But then Will Rogers is a professional humorist.

A Curious Result

MY chiropodist, to return to her, was an informative person, and gave me an unexpected glimpse of the odd effects events have on other things. Take the Italian Exhibition. Who would ever suppose that it could affect her earnings? And yet she said that she had never had such a

CELEBRITIES DISGUISED: Turn to page 10B and 11 and learn CAR, valued at £335, in addition

THE STOCK EXCHANGE OF WIT



Planet News and L.N.A.

"YOICKS" AND "TALLY HO" ON THE TALKIES

The famous Fitzwilliam Hunt was lately "shot" by the talkie camera for a British film version of John Galsworthy's play "Escape." Above is a general view of the hunt moving off under fire from a battery of camera men, the members of the hunt kindly lending aid as "supers." Below is a "close up" showing Sir Gerald du Maurier (left), who is playing the principal rôle, with Mr Edward FitzClarence, son of General FitzClarence, V.C., who also takes an important part

rush of business in her life as during the past three months. She said it was due to women, wearing shoes too small for them, standing for long and unaccustomed hours at Burlington House while they inspected "The Birth of Venus" and so forth. But then who could ever have guessed that Leonidas II would win the Lincoln either?

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Stock Exchange Stories

IT is easy, on the other hand, to see the connection between the lowering of the Bank Rate, the improvement in industry and the length of time men spend over their port after their ladies have withdrawn, isn't it? It simply means—I speak as a woman with no bias—that the Stock Exchange is more cheerful, and those strange men who spend all their time, when they are not playing golf, in inventing new "Stock Exchange" stories are at it again. For the last three months I have failed to see any man guffawing. Now they have begun once more, and the wait in the drawing-room is as long as it used to be.

On Time

PUNCTUALITY is the courtesy of kings, and I hear that within three minutes of 11.30 a.m. on Thursday the doors were thrown open, and the King, in the uniform of an Admiral of the Fleet, started to hold his Levee at Buckingham Palace. It is difficult to say at what time the earliest arrivals made their appearance, but by 10.30 a.m. already sixty guests had driven up to the gates. Women, of course, not being allowed to a Levee, I base my information on an

Lenare

A new portrait of Miss Theresa Jungman, who will be a bridesmaid at the wedding of Miss Diedre Hart-Davis to Mr. Ronald Egerton Balfour, which will take place on April 24

AT THE COCHRAN PREMIÈRE

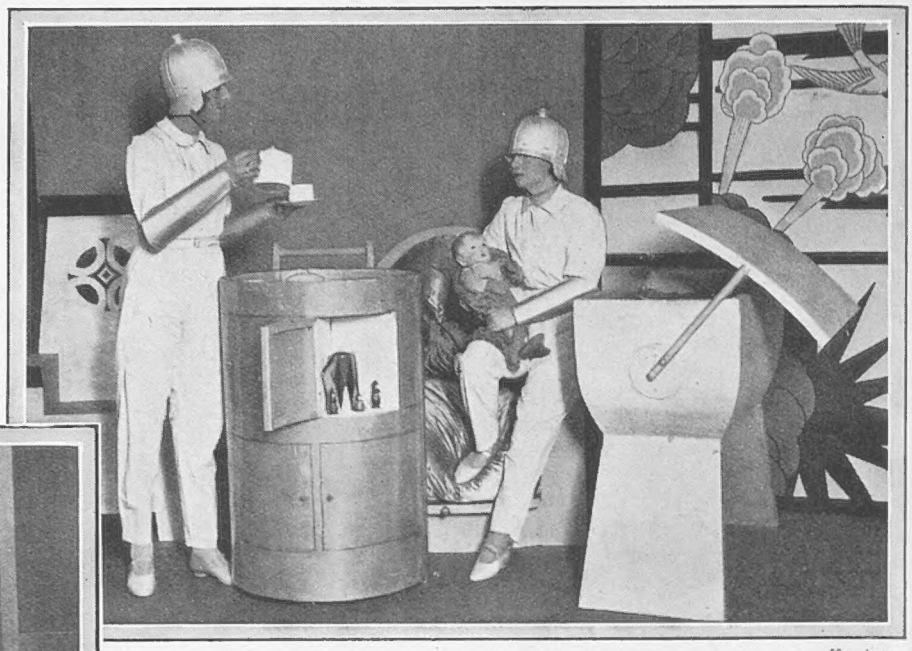
impressionable young man who went there for the first time. What struck him chiefly was the tense alertness with which the King sat on his golden throne as the procession filed by.

At the Pavilion

THE night of the Levee was the debut of Mr. Cochran's revue at the London Pavilion. I say advisedly "Mr. Cochran's" rather than Mr. Beverley Nichols's, because the programme showed that he was apparently responsible for less than half. It was a gay affair, with Mr. Bernard Shaw sitting next to Lord Berners, and Lord Berners laughing at the stage effigy of Mr. Shaw, and Mr. Shaw congratulating Lord Berners on his ballet music. So crowded were the stalls with celebrities that the Marquis and Marquise de Casa Maury could not get seats any nearer than the twentieth row, and even Lady Cunard was in the ninth row.

L.N.A.

From "lil' ol' Noo Yark." Mrs. P. G. Wodehouse (left), the wife of the celebrated novelist and dramatist, and Miss Dorothy Dickson, of musical comedy fame, on board the Aquitania at Southampton after braving the Atlantic voyage



Keystone

A series of tableaux representing nurseries of the nations has been staged at the Ideal Home Exhibition, at Olympia. The above represents a "futuristic" nursery, though whether infants will be fed on cups of tea by nurses in helmets in years to come may be open to doubt

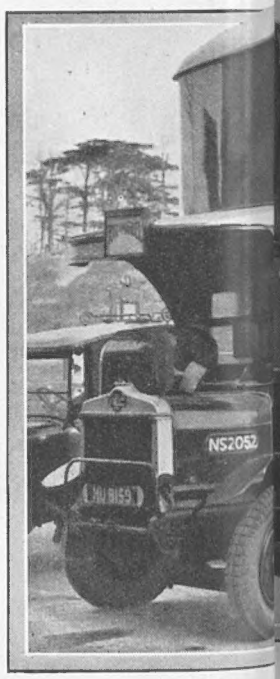
Some of those Present

MRS. EVELYN FITZGERALD in ermine, Lady Inverclyde in blue, Lady Ancaster, Lord Willoughby, the Duchess of Roxburghe, Lord Hambleden — everyone who could get a seat was there. I thought there was too much corps de ballet and not enough comedy, but I am not the critic. Many members of the audience went on afterwards to the Embassy Club. These included the Inverclydes and Lord Scarsdale. Luigi himself had got four stalls for the first night, but I did not see him there. He was probably too busy with his own club, for which 120 people had booked tables, and 80 more had tried to.

Colonel Critchley, the greyhound king, Ada May, the heroine of the evening, a woman with the best sables I have seen for a long time, Miss Sylvia Portman, Mr. Mansfield Markham, Colonel Freddie Cripps and Mr. Victor Gordon-Lennox were among others there who helped to fill the room. It was extension night, being Thursday, and the orchestra played "Putting on the Ritz."

Keystone

Dr. Cyril Alington, Headmaster of Eton, an interested spectator of the finals of the College Sports



The first motor race meeting in the form of a motor bus in

NEW SCIENTIFIC ACHIEVEMENTS

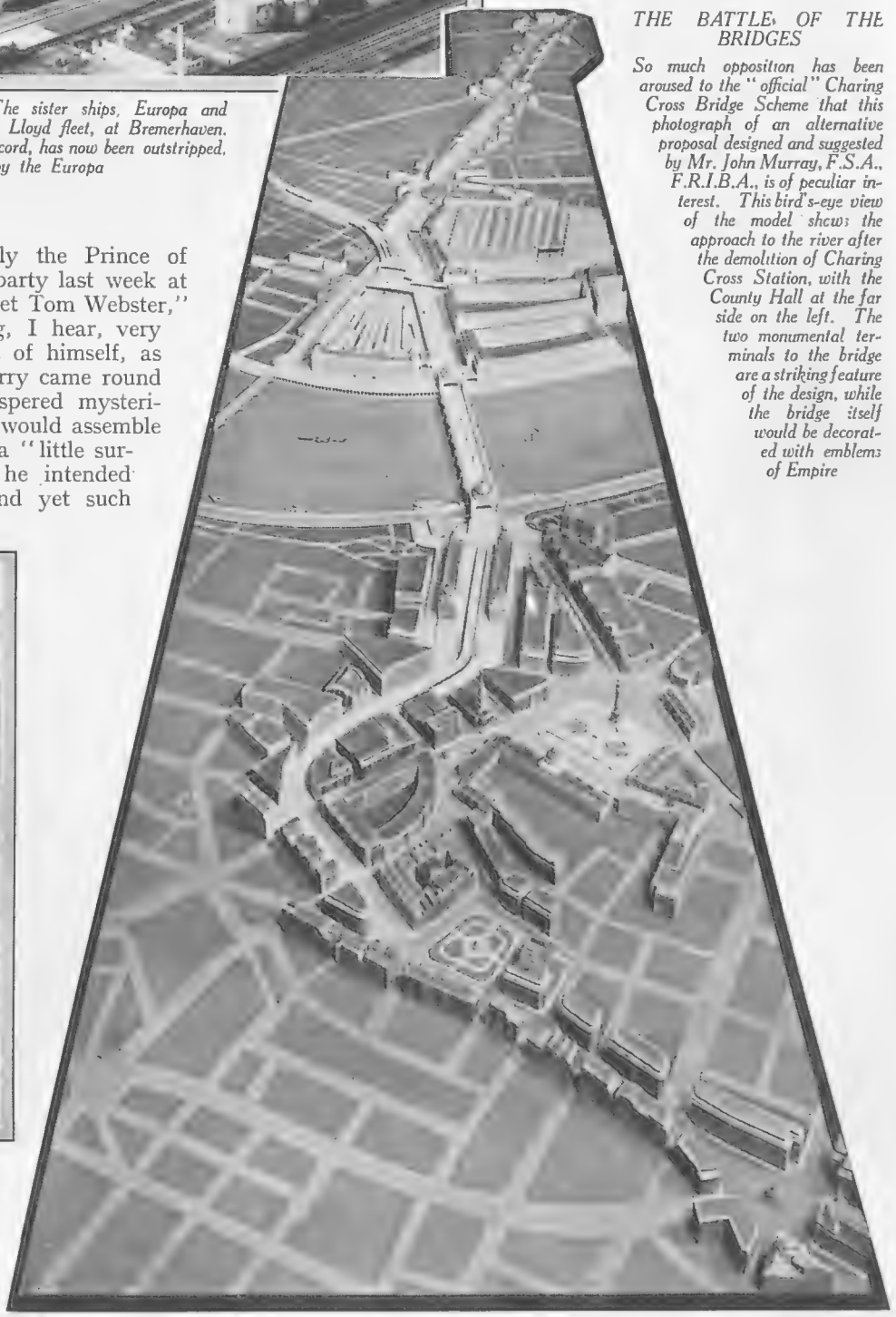
The Blue Riband of the Atlantic. The sister ships, Europa and Bremen, the pride of the North German Lloyd fleet, at Bremerhaven. The Bremen, which previously held the record, has now been outstripped, by a few minutes only, by the Europa

A Cheery Luncheon

MR. HARRY PRESTON, surely the Prince of Hosts, gave a luncheon party last week at the Ambassadors Club, "to meet Tom Webster," and gave his guests something, I hear, very original, and yet characteristic of himself, as a tit-bit afterwards. When Harry came round during the luncheon and whispered mysteriously that he hoped his guests would assemble in the lounge after, as he had a "little surprise," no one guessed that he intended to stage a boxing match. And yet such was the case. Seated in their corners, complete with seconds, and with the redoubtable Ted Broadribb as referee, were Young Griffo, who had won a fight the night before, and Sydney Lloyd, of Camberwell. They had weighed in at 8 st. 10 lb., and they boxed four rounds of 2 minutes for a purse offered by the genial host. They went all out over the four rounds, and Lloyd won on points. Among "Harry's" guests were: Lord Decies, Sir Ronald Waterhouse, Mr. Fred Lonsdale, Mr. C. Patrick Thompson, Mr. Noel Curtis-Bennett, Mr. George Graves, and, of course, Tom Webster, who, in returning thanks, delivered a short, but witty, speech on American boxing.

Sport and General

son at Brooklands saw a new kind of Tote in the the paddock. Patrons felt no anxiety on account of running powers!



THE BATTLE OF THE BRIDGES

So much opposition has been aroused to the "official" Charing Cross Bridge Scheme that this photograph of an alternative proposal designed and suggested by Mr. John Murray, F.S.A., F.R.I.B.A., is of peculiar interest. This bird's-eye view of the model shows the approach to the river after the demolition of Charing Cross Station, with the County Hall at the far side on the left. The two monumental terminals to the bridge are a striking feature of the design, while the bridge itself would be decorated with emblems of Empire

AT THE PLAY

CHOPIN MELODIES *in* A NEW SETTING

Casmir Kremer (Albert Ward) somewhat peeved at Jan (Billy Leonard) carrying on with, and carrying off, his daughter Maryta (Nancie Lovat)

"The Damask Rose" at the Savoy Theatre

MR. G. H. CLUTSAM is the gardener who has had most to do with the cultivation and blooming of *The Damask Rose*, a musical romance, received with the greatest enthusiasm at the Savoy Theatre last week. It was he, I suppose, who evolved the idea for using the themes of Chopin for musical comedy; it was he who, aided and abetted by Manager Robert Courtneidge, wrote the book used as a peg on which to hang the music; it was he who adapted that same music as well as putting in what I may call twiddley bits "on his own," and it was also he who wrote the lyrics. Mr. G. H. Clutsam, however, did not conduct, for the orchestra was under the direction of Mr. Arthur Wood, so long associated with Daly's Theatre.

A study of Gordon Harker, one of our most interesting actors, who has been playing in "The Calendar" and who will have an important part in Patrick McGill's new war play "Suspense"

THIS musical romance may be labelled Ruritanian despite the fact that the action passes in a real country this time, for Poland is the place to which we are introduced at a period which ante-dates Chopin's birth, but that is, of course, if not musical, stage licence.

THE hero of the play rejoices in the name of Stanislas Poniatowski, and I am thankful to say that everybody calls him by his Christian name, despite the fact that authority has marked him out for the throne of Poland. This hero, who breaks out into song on every possible occasion, also breaks feminine hearts with unfailing regularity, but when he meets Wanda Volny—who comes of a good vintage, so to speak, for she is the daughter of a count—he realises that the time for philandering should cease, and annexes her "for keeps" despite the fact that the lady is engaged to a Count Karol Tarlo, who is also an addict at exercising his vocal chords.

THIS annexation is really a piece of luck, for Wanda is the lady on whom the Countess Maria Orzesco— a grande

the SAVOY THEATRE By Vernon Woodhouse

Sketches of "The Damask Rose," at the Savoy Theatre, by H. H. HARRIS

dame with a finger in the political pie—has marked down to be Poland's Queen, realising fully that a home-made wife will be extremely popular with the plebs.

IT would never have done for the course of the future King's true love to have run smooth if only for the reason that it would have made this musical comedy too short, so we have, rather late in the day, the inevitable misunderstanding, but Mr. Clutsam, with an originality which is almost startling, provides a twist at the finish, and I was more than surprised to find at the end that the future King of Poland does the Great Renunciation Act and returns the lady of his choice—who appears to be a pawn in these matters—carriage paid, to her original lover, with whom she was always quarrelling!

WHAT is more, the lady in question has just previously been shown to the Polish populace in Warsaw as their future Queen and greeted with acclamation (heard off). What the populace must have thought of the sudden change in their King's matrimonial plans I have not the faintest idea, because this rather vital factor in the story is left at a loose end by the author!

The Love Birds in full song. Wanda Volny (Wilma Berkeley) and Stanislas Poniatowski (John Morel) attack a top note with courage and success

Count Theodore Volny (Walter Passmore) and Count Karol Tarlo (Henry Millidge) looking for trouble in the shape of Wanda, the daughter of one and the fiancée of the other

BUT though the story told is not one which possesses more merit than that usually found in musical comedies, less reliance is placed on this than on the music and trimmings. The stage pictures are attractive, the costumes handsome, and there is some dancing arranged by Espinosa and Yvette who have stressed the hop in Chopin, while the singing of both principals and chorus struck me as singularly pleasing.

THE difficulty in casting musical comedy lies in the fact that there are very few artists who can both sing and act. At the Savoy acting has been given a miss so far as hero and heroine are concerned, and reliance placed on their voices. That reliance is not misplaced, for John Morel and Wilma Berkeley both sing extremely well. I should hesitate to say that they also act well, and John Moore, especially, is infinitely more agreeable to listen to—his enunciation is singularly clear—than to watch. Amy Augarde, as the match-making countess, can both sing and act, while the benign air of Billy Leonard and the polish of Walter Passmore are invaluable in giving point to the rather undistinguished humour.

Grace Witson, playing a Scottish lassie in the very Scottish comedy, "A Song of Sixpence," at Daly's Theatre

I HAVE no space to deal adequately with the new Cochran revue at the London Pavilion which must be reserved for next week. I merely mention that C. B. Cochran is once again in winning vein, and that this show should attract the playgoing — and paygoing — public for a very long while. V. W.

NO ENTRANCE FEE

—

SIMPLE RULES

CELEBRITIES

"THE BYSTANDER" NEW

FIRST PRIZE: A ROVER 6-cylinder Saloon Car, Value £335

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No. 1. A RECENT PEER

FOR YOUR GUIDANCE

ALL you need to do is to use your knowledge of the celebrities depicted on these pages and then write down their names, as you believe them to be, on the coupon found on this page. Every one is well known. Each of them is eminent in his or her particular sphere. Whilst they are disguised no essential feature has been tampered with. There is no entrance fee and the simplest of rules. The present list will be followed by another list next and subsequent weeks.

Cut out along here

CELEBRITIES DISGUISED.
COUPON No. 1.

I IDENTIFY

1 As .....
2 As .....
3 As .....
4 As .....
5 As .....
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.....

April 2

Cut out along here

RULES

WHEN you have identified the well-known people whose disguised portraits appear herewith, write your solutions in ink on the form provided in the next column.

Cut out the coupon, and keep it and all subsequent coupons until the competition ends.

Envelopes must be addressed to the "The Bystander," Inveresk House, 346 Strand, London, W.C.2, and marked "Celebrities."

You may submit as many sets as you please, but each set *must* be complete. Incomplete sets will be destroyed. In the event of a tie for the first place other "Celebrities Disguised" puzzles will be set until won outright. In the event of ties the money prizes will be divided equally.

No reader may win more than one prize.

The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

Employees of Illustrated Newspapers and their families are not eligible to compete.

No. 2. A LEADING COMEDIENNE

THIS IS OUR FIRST LIS

DISGUISED
COMPETITION FOR BIG PRIZES

CAN YOU IDENTIFY THESE FAMOUS PEOPLE?

No. 3. A LAWN TENNIS STAR

No. 5. A WELL-KNOWN AUTHOR

No. 6. A POLITICAL LEADER

No. 4. A PROCONSUL

No. 7. SEEN AT WIMBLEDON—BUT NOT LIKE THIS!

No. 8. A STAGE FAVOURITE

—KEEP IT BY YOU UNTIL THE CLOSING DATE IS ANNOUNCED

BEVERLEY NICHOLS'S "YOUNG MAN"

By "KIM"

THE young men of the day are constantly being accused of failing to take life seriously, of failing to make themselves felt or heard, of being bored almost before they are grown up, of being superficial, of being badly educated, of being mannerless, and of lots of other things. Miss Daphne du Maurier, the other day in THE BYSTANDER, indulged in a slashing attack on the Young Men. Mr. Beverley Nichols, in *Britannia and Eve,* has recently indulged in an even more violent diatribe upon the Young Woman of to-day, but, not content with that, in an article entitled "Good-bye to All Those . . ." he rampages against War, Jingoes, Rudyard Kipling, Rupert Brooke, the "Victorians," mainly Mr. Winston Churchill and Mr. G. K. Chesterton.

HERE, then, is a young man who has made a name as a novelist (which Lord Birkenhead, incidentally, in the same magazine describes as "the easiest of all books to write"), not afraid to hurl his opinions at the world. He is entertaining, audacious, an iconoclast taking a savage joy in throwing down our cherished idols. Does he represent the views of other young men, or is he peculiar unto himself?

It is an interesting problem.

He hates "Victorianism." Everything he found in the world after he left school is apparently stigmatised as "Victorian," including war. Probably it is "Victorian" to suggest that it is infinitely easier to demolish an edifice than to erect one. The Russian Bolshevists are possibly exonerated by him from a charge of this shocking Victorianism, but they have ruthlessly destroyed a vast State and set up in its place—what?—a grim skeleton of Destruction. That perhaps represents Progress to the mind of Beverley Nichols.

HE hates war. So do we—but his hate is of a different order. For ten years, he tells us, the young men who "suffered" have been dumb, watching the "antics of the grotesque old men to whom we owe our present discontents." I should have thought that the older men who fought were those who "suffered," and not a Beverley Nichols, who was fortunate enough to escape its horrors because of his youth.

But I certainly agree with the "antics" business. One does not need to be in one's twenties to say that at least half our so-called "statesmen" ought to have been drummed out of public life after the fiasco of Locarno and the rest of it. Impeachment was too good for them. And the reasons for the punishment they so richly deserved were because they criminally neglected preparations for the war which came upon the nation like a thief in the night, though to intelligent persons who had watched events in other countries it was inevitable; and because they muddled, and worse than muddled, the peace terms.

Those thoughts don't, however, disturb Beverley Nichols. They are not the "antics" that infuriate him.

He loathes Kipling's influence. He thinks it should be made a criminal offence to depict war as anything but revolting and obscene. The only war memorials he would tolerate would be those that showed ghastly sights. In other words, this brilliant young man who despises Kipling, and nearly everyone else except Mr. Osbert Sitwell, thinks you should destroy war by making it a revolting object lesson.

BEVERLEY NICHOLS Sasha

Who is the subject of the accompanying article by "Kim." Educated at Marlborough College, he proceeded to Balliol, Oxford, where, at the age of 19, he became Secretary to the British Universities Mission to the U.S.A., and later President of the Union. He published his first novel, "Prelude," at the age of twenty-one, since when he has edited the "American Sketch" and written several other books, including "Crazy Pavements." In 1921, at the suggestion of the late King Constantine, he visited Greece to study the political situation there

ISN'T that amazing? Amazing, I mean, as coming from a young man who I suppose has a public and earns large fees by his pen. Note in passing that he has not one word for the heroism of war. The love of King and Country that in 1914 and onwards drew men to leave all that they held dear; induced loving wives and sweethearts to sacrifice their menfolk, their homes, often their livelihood, ALL—nothing in all this to evoke so much as a mere mention. No doubt to him they were damned fools, jingoes, *Victorians.* The only people who held these views during the War were generally called Conscientious Objectors or Defeatists. . . . They were spewed upon.

Not to do Mr. Beverley Nichols an injustice by wilfully misunderstanding him, he does at length come to something concrete. There are people who particularly irritate him. First: "Anybody who is not for peace at any price."

Sometimes there is not a "price" at all. *What then?* There was no "price" when Austria-Hungary declared war on Servia in 1914. There was no "price" when America declared war on Spain. There will be no "price" when the next war is forced on us.

Amazing! Does the Young Man of to-day realise that England is not the only nation on the earth, or is his education so neglected that countries like the United States, France, Germany, Italy, and Russia, mean nothing? If the Peace-at-any-Price Young Man became all-powerful; if the last of the Victorians was smothered according to his deserts; if the obscenity of war and the medical war monuments were paraded in every town and village, and as a result we had no Army, no Navy, no Air Force—and suddenly one of those Victorian-minded, jingo, militarist nations, armed to the teeth, picked a quarrel with us, what then? *What then, Mr. Nichols?*

I hope the Young Man who had propounded such theories would promptly be hanged on the nearest lamp-post.

BY A. R. CANE

FILM STAR (to friend): "*Lucky? Don't you know that she's the seventh wife of a seventh husband!*"

if . . . gossip

IN a very few weeks from now the Season will be ushered in officially by the appearance of opera at Covent Garden. On April 28, somewhere about 7 p.m., the lights will go down to leave but a glow on the great red curtain. Herr Bruno Walter's baton will go up, and we shall hear the first crashing chords of *Die Meistersinger,* the sanest music that was ever written, and the loveliest. The old theatre can, like Todger's, "do well" when it wishes, and it is but rarely that it does not wish, and achieve too. Wagner, Strauss, Puccini, and Verdi—something for all tastes, that is to say—at Covent Garden in the summer time form a musical experience which should satisfy all ears, except those who delight to praise the obscure and inefficient just for the sake of being different. Of such are the strange enthusiasts who declared that some eighteenth-century works, messed about by semi-amateurs at the Scala Theatre a few months ago, formed a season which "excelled in importance anything that has ever been done at Covent Garden in the whole course of its existence." This was actually printed. Verily is it the mark of the amateur to enthuse about amateurishness.

ONE hears much of the social declension of Covent Garden. I do not believe in this. It is true that the names on the boxes have not the Norman-blooded brilliance they had twenty or thirty years ago, when Lady Ripon was the moving spirit, and King Edward used to stroll into the omnibus box for an act or so just as the Prince of Wales will, when in London, stroll into a revue. And just as frequently. But take it on the whole, you will still see a better-dressed or better-bred crowd (or even both) at Covent Garden than at any other theatre in the world. There is an air of dignity and tranquillity there which nothing seems to be able to disturb. As for this year's list of patrons, the crop is, considering super-tax, rival film attractions, Labour agitation, and the restlessness of a cocktail world, surprisingly good in quality as well as in quality.

By Platford

'Slow up! My husband may blow in at any minute"
"Why worry? After all, what's a husband among friends?"

Raphael

MISS ANNE STAFFORD NORTHCOTE

Cousin of Lord Iddesleigh, who has taken up dancing as a career. She recently appeared in "Puss in Boots," the pantomime that had such a successful run at the Lyceum Theatre, and she has now joined Henriette Fuller's Ballet

I SHALL be interested to see the effect of the death of Diaghileff on Covent Garden audiences. There is no doubt that the Russian Ballet carried off some of the opera enthusiasts, though the followers of these two entertainments were for the most part in separate camps, and a youthful gang flocked to the Ballet which never knew or cared for opera. Will opera now win these young men, who, if a bit on the sibilant and "adorable" side, are well-dressed, artistic and intelligent? I think it will. Charlie Cochran has, of course, secured Serge Lifar for his revue. But the London Pavilion is a comparatively small theatre. Covent Garden should, at any rate, get the overflow of the worshippers. Only they must be careful not to send pretty bunches of flowers to Tristan or Siegfreid or Hans Sachs.

LORD BALFOUR was a mighty figure. His dignity in politics and the magic of his personality were incomparable.

Raphael

MISS DOROTHY HOLLIDAY

Another member of the "Puss in Boots" pantomime, where she gave an effective dancing display. She also has joined the Henriette Fuller Ballet, which is notable for the efficiency of its members

we must...

But column after column of quite false impressions were published about him. De mortuis ni nisi bonum is an excellent motto; yet it can be carried to excess. Only two utterances that I came across served up anything but colourless eulogy. The Labour Press had an expected snap at him, because he was an aristocrat and because he did not busy himself with the form of vote-catching known as social reform. The other utterance was that of Lord Castlerosse, and it was the best of the lot, because, without being either caddish or unkind, he told the truth. Lord Balfour was not, with all his magnificent qualities, the amiable, Christ-like figure he was painted as being.

HE had a passion for power, which he retained as long as he possibly could; he had a feline streak of cruelty about him; he could, and did, sacrifice friends, politically speaking, without, apparently, a tinge of regret, and he was by no means unselfish. Why should we not have the truth about our great men—if they are great, as Lord Balfour indisputably was? If they are not great, but only Pinchbeck, we need not trouble about 'em one way or the other.

TWO MASTERS OF MANIPULATION *Topical*

Walter Lindrum, who manipulates the ivories to the extent of defeating Willie Smith by 21,285 points, photographed at 10, Downing Street, with the Prime Minister, the great manipulator of political puppets

By Murray

"Yes, sir. I believe in a bigger navy!"
"And more ports!"

Raphael

MISS MOYA NUGENT

Who appears as Zoe, the only soubrette part in the new musical play, "The Three Musketeers," that is now running at the Drury Lane Theatre. She also played in "This Year of Grace" and "Wake Up and Dream," at the London Pavilion

A VETERAN of Balfourian vintage who is still flourishing is the indefatigable Sir David Murray, R.A. Not only has he five pictures at the exhibition of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water-Colours, but he spent several hours on his feet talking to friends at the Private View. And anything more wearying than a private view—even half an hour of it—I have yet to discover. For a man well over eighty this is not a bad record.

But Sir David does not let it stop at that. He dined, as he does nearly

THE INTOXICATION OF CHESS

every night, at his favourite club—a quiet one just off Piccadilly—smoked many cigars, and played his usual game of billiards. Almost invariably he finishes off a quiet day of this type by walking home to his studio near Portland Place, where he has lived as a bachelor for many, many years.

Sasha

Robert Sinclair (Edmund Gwenn) discovers the hiding place of the pearls in an encounter with Maria (Maria Minetti). They are seen in an amusing incident in "Here Comes the Bride," the musical farcical-comedy at the Piccadilly Theatre

With his rich Scots accent, his general cheeriness, and his wide interest in many subjects outside his own profession, he is vastly popular.

But I do not agree with Sir David that the Eros statue should never come back to Piccadilly Circus at all, but should go to the Green Park for ever and aye. Not only is the statue a beautiful thing in itself, it is a familiar and integral part of London, and should be in its old spot—where everyone can see it. The Green Park is a delectable place; but who are the Londoners, or the visitors to London, who go there? The majority of its visitants are members of the proletariat temporarily 'resting"—comrydes who lie flat on their faces on the grass in daytime slumber and unlovely postures, and are not in a position to see anything. Children and dogs complete the population. Children don't hear anything about Eros (or should not), and dogs know still less, unless, of course, they are gay dogs!

At the universities some sort of a blue is given for chess. But little idolatry goes with it, and I never remember a man who represented Oxford at chess being pointed out in the "High" with awe as one of the local heroes. This year Oxford have just beaten Cambridge at chess (that is, at any rate, *something*), and, after a good tussle, the score of registered wins now stands at Cambridge 25, Oxford 24. Perhaps next March they will pull level. But do you suppose there was any excitement in the West End on the evening of the chess match? Not a sign of any. Yet how unjust this is. "Boat-race night" brings forth its crowds of revellers. "Rugger-night" means hectic scenes in Leicester Square. Why should not "Chess-night" take its place among London's annual carnivals? I should like to see a box at a revue filled with inebriated chess players from the banks of the Cam or Isis, refusing to leave when bidden by an expostulating manager, and hurling pawns on to the stage in a delirium of Bacchic joy.

Dan (Lancelot Quinn) and Gilbert Nash (Ralph Richardson) Jerry Wimpole (Lupino Lane). Thanks possibly to Mexico, thus enabling "Silver Wings," the new musical

By Alfred Leete

"Who be this 'ere Hoover, Jarge?"
"Whoi, 'e be the feller what built the Vacuum at Rome!"

Club cocktail parties are on the increase, and such spots as Nash's and the Five Hundred are packed nowadays, between six and seven, with people who (in the case of the first) listen to jazz music without dancing to it, and in the case of both sip Bronxes and

THE EXPENSE OF COCKTAIL PARTIES

Stage Photo Co.

ry to instil a little courage into that far from intrepid airman, ome too gentle powers of persuasion, the last-named reaches t the Dominion Theatre, to proceed according to plan

sidecars, and nibble at olives and potato chips. Nearly everybody at these clubs is known to plenty of other people, and the gathering becomes precisely like a private party, without the expense falling on any one person. And the expense of a cocktail party is far greater than anyone who has never given one could imagine.

To the list of such clubs—small and select—will shortly be added "Toby's," which will be in Bruton Mews. The premises used to be the Florida in days gone by, so there will be plenty of room for dancing should anyone feel so disposed.

London's "dead" hour has always been from 5.30 to 7. For those who do not seize this opportunity to, as poor dear old Frank Otter used to say, "go and have a nice lie down," I can conceive no better way than an hour at a cocktail and cock-and-hen club of whacking up an appetite for dinner—or whacking it down, as the case may be.

THERE are still, I believe, a few people left who prefer a quiet and peaceful dinner to the more popular and rowdy meal where one watches the temperature of the fish sink to zero while gallivanting round a crowded floor on an empty stomach. For these, and for all epicures, I cannot do better than recommend the new Lotus Restaurant in Norris Street, Haymarket. Here (and let us be thankful for small mercies) one can eat and drink both in comfort and seclusion, there being no dancers to stamp on one's toes, or to barge gracefully into the soup, if perchance there are any of my readers who dislike dancing. It is situated in the celebrated Punch House built over two hundred years ago, which has been one of London's most fashionable eating-houses since the ruffles and satins of George I. The rooms, especially the Silver Grill, are most attractively decorated.

By Starr Wood

"I'm getting a new siren for my car"
"Oh, Alfie! Does that mean all is over between us?"

Chilton and Thomas, two very clever step-dancers who are now in this country. They are appearing at the Kit-Cat Restaurant, where they are filling an engagement which terminates on April 14

THE VOICE IN THE WILDERNESS

"I am not at all pessimistic about modern young people."—Mr. Silas K. Hocking.

OH, let us sing a song of praise
To kindly Mr. Silas Hocking,
Who, unlike most folk in these days,
Does not his hands in horror raise
And stigmatise as vile and "shocking"
Our every word and every act [tact.
Or say we lack all manners, courtliness and

Young people always were fair game
For those who think it bad and stupid
To lead a life that is not tame
And view with horror, pain and shame,
Our every bout with wine and Cupid,
And know no motto better than
That dear old tag, "The boy is Father to the Ban!"

Although our critics leave us cold
(For Youth, alas, ne'er heeds its grousers)
A word of praise for those not old
Can make us blush both hot and cold
So rich and rare it is I vow, sirs,
But bearing up beneath the shock
We'll raise our glass to Hocking with a loud "Hoch! Hoch!"

B. W.

Dress of the Hour

by Blanche B. Elliott

In spite of all one may say, write or picture, the agitation about long skirts continues. Ladies of Liverpool, one hears, are forming a league against them; women doctors proclaim them to be unhygienic—and so on. But may I say again they are storming against an evil that exists largely in their own perfervid imaginations? Personally, I am frequently receiving plaintive inquiries from some of my friends as to whether we are *really* to be encumbered with long skirts for day wear—so I say no! no! and again *no!*

Skirts are still short for all practical purposes, such as walking and any form of sport, *only* they cover the knee (mercifully). For the formal afternoon frock they come an inch or two lower, but are still *inches* off the ground, and for evening wear we do as we like. For dancing they are well off the ground, sometimes with an uneven hem, and for the dinner party or soirée they descend to trains, or are more popularly of instep length. Even then this poor, much-discussed train is generally such a slight wisp of a thing that slithers and skims along the floor so lightly! And with all the modern electrical cleaning appliances that *can't* be so full of germs, dust and uncleanliness as the hygienists would have us believe!

Augustabernard uses tulle ciré to form this novel black evening gown. The full flounces give the appearance of extreme width and the bodice is lightly veiled in tulle Model Augustabernard

It is all very amusing if one remembers the diatribes and horrified protests that were levelled at short skirts when *they* came in! And frankly, aren't we a little tired of looking at indiscriminately exposed legs? The thrill that a bared ankle and thinly veiled leg once gave may again be felt instead of the callous, contemptuous or critical glance at the revealed shortcomings of the lamentable limbs one has seen so much of! Anyway, we shall all be wearing trousers for sports, robes intimes, etc., soon, and there *will* be a howl about that—loudest, one may dare swear, from those who are protesting now—so perhaps it is "just their nature to."

On the whole the plain materials are holding the foremost place they were given in the Paris collections, but prints also enjoy their measure of popularity. Printed chiffon, of course, and printed taffeta in small chintz designs is well favoured. It has the quality of stiffness which enables it to stand out in the required manner and drapes adroitly. Moiré is used as possessing a certain crispness of texture, while laces are stiffened so that the flounces flare outwards in an unlace-like manner. Dots are still with us in the slightly large size coin dot, the smaller polka dot, and the very new pin dot. An intriguing suggestion I heard put forward in New York was that dotted materials possess a direct, magnetic appeal, particularly on the male species. Men are supposed to like dots and feel their fascinating mesmeric influence. While I hold no brief at all for this theory, it may possibly account for the continued popularity of the dot pattern.

I am so glad to see that one leading London designer has tackled the sports jumper most successfully, and I congratulate him. We all knew those long pullover things with shapeless waists were *out* in Paris. We have endeavoured to compromise with a belt or tried to tuck the thing under the skirt, which, incidentally, few of us were sylph-like enough to do successfully. Now he gives us some delightful sweaters which have solved the whole problem and kept our favourite sports garment a practical thing. He makes them waist length and then works a belt of the same knit on to it which is worn over the skirt and gives full freedom of action. He also pulled a long bi-coloured sweater (I *think* in two blues) over a short sleeveless white one—with excellent results. Another was in a new wool lace, which was one of the nicest

sports things I have seen for a long time.

GLOVES play an important rôle in our daily lives at the moment. They are of the pull-on variety. Short and gauntleted for the tailor suit, longer and rucked on the wrist for afternoon wear, longest for the evening. Coloured gloves are being shown a good deal, but discretion must be used in their choice. They should be part of an ensemble. A matching handbag, scarf, gloves and hat in patterned leather can look very smart indeed. It seems essential that gloves and handbag or scarf at least should match in the colour scheme, for it is fatal not to connect such accessories together, and becoming more and more necessary to do so. Long coloured gloves for evening wear were shown in Paris and had rather a mixed reception. Generally they contrast sharply with the frock or take a deeper tone from the gown. Patou illustrates long dark green gloves worn with a printed chiffon frock in greeny tones. He used long black ones to accompany an evening frock

A charming evening gown of black chiffon with godets on bodice, top frill and skirt to give fullness and movement Model Augustabernard
Specially sketched for THE BYSTANDER *in Paris*

Drapery at the waist and hip line and flowing frills with a slit at the hem give Patou's model originality and charm. In printed chiffon in soft tones of green, it is worn with long dark green gloves. Model Patou

in his new rose coraline, his favoured combination; while Suzanne Talbot created a daring pair of deeply gauntleted ones to match exactly an evening frock.

A TOUCH of white pique is the inseparable finish to our spring costumes. It forms the most attractive of little gilets and the severest of snow-white cuffs and collars. It is often made with a dog-tooth edge which adds point to many borders. One reason of its popularity is certainly due to the fact that it launders so well and can be "got up" without recourse to the laundry.

THE dress of the hour is the Spring suit. It has returned whole-heartedly, happily for our comfort, with its inevitable accompaniment, the tuck-in blouse. It is just what most of us will be choosing now, and it is to be seen in many delightful forms. Blending admirably with its mannish lines are the matching accessories just referred to, and as navy blue is again in favour alternative colour schemes may be used. There is something quite stunning in the new deep gauntleted glove for mornings in town, for the country club or race meetings with a dashing little beret and scarf in matching leather. It is better to choose pastel shades of green, blue, perhaps red, and, of course, brown or beige, which, patterned in small dots, checks and tartan leathers, is what the smart women will be wearing. Incidentally, it was in an exclusive London leather shop I first saw the idea of the printed leather accessory emanate, and the intuitive good taste of the Paris designer just snapped it up instantly, seeing its possibilities. But it is a vogue that needs a careful choice if disaster is to be avoided!

SOME FAMOUS HÔTELIERS OF TO-DAY

COMMANDATORE SOVRANI

Whose restaurant bearing his name in Jermyn Street is famous not only in London, but also in many places on the Continent. It is one of the most select establishments in the West End

MR. BARRY NEAME

(Below) The owner of the famous home of English cooking, the Hind's Head Hotel, at that popular up-river resort, Bray. Here one can enjoy excellent fare in most rustic surroundings

COMMANDATORE GELARDI

Who has now taken over the management of Claridge's Hotel. The Commandatore, a Roman by birth, is one of the most famous of hôteliers, and was until recently at the Hotel Cecil, and formerly controlled the Savoy

M. QUAGLINO

(Above) The proprietor of the celebrated restaurant in Bury Street, Chez Quaglino. This is one of the smartest rendezvous in Town, and has already become a paradise of epicureans

M. STOCCO

(Right) Manager of the popular and fashionable Kit-Cat Restaurant, in the Haymarket This is another of London's famous resorts where the entertainment provided only rivals the excellence of the cooking

BY MARJORIE MILLER

SPRING'S PROMISE

PILLARS OF

On the left we see Lord Derby, the owner of many famous racehorses, who achieved his greatest Turf ambition when he won the Derby in 19
meetings. Lord Woolavington, the owner of two Derby winners in Captain Cuttle, the 1922 winner, and Coronach, which triumphed in
of the most generous patrons of the Turf in England, India and other countries, being next, and Mr. Solly Joel, one of the most success
a fair string in training with E. Martin, and Ride

BY MUNDO

F THE TURF

in 1924 with Sansovino. Next to him is the Earl of Harewood, a keen judge of horse-flesh and a well-known figure at leading race hed in 1926, and Lord Lonsdale, the doyen of sportsmen and the most popular figure on the Turf, are then seen, the Aga Khan, one successful breeders, who has won many races with his own stock, including the Lincolnshire. Capt. R. E. Sassoon, on the right, has nd rides his own horses on every possible occasion

A BEATL BOWL

Beatl is "such stuff as dreams are made on"—dreams that last! For this wonderful new material—a British invention by the British Cyanides Company—is almost as remarkable for its toughness and durability as for its translucent beauty and rich colouring.

Beatl not only takes the place of china and glass for many articles of tableware but it is also employed in the manufacture of door handles and finger plates, lamps, cigarette boxes and bijouterie.

It is being used with ever increasing success in the making of decorative tiling, electric fittings and for a host of other purposes.

Beatl is moulded by many firms. Just as various chinas are known as Wedgwood, Minton, or Sèvres, so Beatl articles are produced under various names. The bowl pictured above, and its plinth too, are in M.L. Beatl. The other makes of Beatl tableware are Linga Longa and Bandalasta.

A full range of Beatl articles can be seen at the Beatl Shop, 219, Regent Street, London (Telephone Mayfair 4352). Also sold at leading Stores throughout the country.

BYSTANDER SHORT STORY

She Went Abroad

by

Mazo de la Roche

Cynthia was a level-headed, practical girl who had never given more than a passing thought to questions of love until she accompanied her father to Italy that spring. However, when the handsome Sylvestro came on the scene, the situation was altered very considerably, much to the consternation of her father and his friend, who was also her admirer. The sequel to that meeting is described in this colourful story by Mazo de la Roche

CYNTHIA EMMETT was the last girl one would have expected to fall in love with an Italian—a man of peasant origin, and, more especially, a man of Sylvestro's type. She was not like a girl fresh from school, to be entrapped by the passion in the first dark, foreign eyes that looked longingly at her. She was not like a girl from some ugly manufacturing town in the Midlands, seeing Italy for the first time. She had had some experience of life, for she had been through two London seasons; she had been abroad twice before; and she lived in a very beautiful part of Warwickshire.

She was an athletic, strongly-built girl, with a round face, childlike blue eyes shadowed unexpectedly by dark brows, and fair hair that was beginning to darken. She had rather bony hands reddened by outdoor games, but shapely arms and shoulders. She spoke in an abrupt, matter-of-fact voice, and had never had much patience with sentimentality or soft-heartedness. She was a healthy, courageous, rather commonplace girl.

Her mother had died not long before, and she had come with her father to the south of Italy to spend the months of March and April. In their cool, undemonstrative way they were congenial and affectionate companions. They played tennis together and took long tramps over the hills, asking for no better company than that of each other. Cynthia's mother had been a slow, selfish woman with invalid ways, and the two, though the thought never crossed their minds, were experiencing a sense of keen pleasure in this trip without her hampering presence. They could do just what they liked, and when.

THEY were seldom seen in the hotel at luncheon-time, but, with sandwiches and fruit in a paper bag with cord handles, which Mr. Emmett carried, they explored new paths every day, never minding their steepness or roughness. When they re-appeared at tea-time, sunburned and dusty, they were ravenous. They would order their tea-table to be set on the terrace, under a mimosa tree that shook its downy yellow plumes above them and swept the terrace with its scent. They would take the little three-cornered pieces of bread-and-butter turn about, making two mouthfuls of each. He would turn sidewise to the table then, crossing his knees, and glance over the London *Times*. He would drink three and four cups of tea, pretending that he did not want the last piece of cake, leaving it for Cynthia. When she had devoured it she would light a cigarette and stretch herself. She had never been so happy.

Guests at the hotel who did not know of their relationship, seeing them constantly together, mistook them for husband and wife. George Emmett, with his fresh colour and supple body, looked in truth too young to be the father of a grown-up young woman. He and Cynthia were rather disappointed when their companionship was interrupted by the appearance at the hotel of Sir Giles Nixon, an old friend of the family.

SIR GILES was a widower, too, many years older than George Emmett, but almost as active, though less muscular. He was wiry, white-moustached, pink-faced, and he had an idea that Cynthia admired him. As a matter of fact, his presence only irritated her. When it became necessary for her to give him several dances in the evening she began to chafe and to take notice of those men in the room who were nearer her own age. It was in this way that she became conscious of Sylvestro.

Between two pairs of dancers she saw him approaching her along a narrow, open space. His back was toward her, and his partner, a small, dark, Italian girl, was hidden by his rather broad body. It was a slow dance. Sylvestro scarcely seemed to move, but he drew nearer and nearer with a kind of indolent inexorableness. Other dancers came between them. The music had ceased, Cynthia and Sir Giles had sat down before she saw Sylvestro's face. It was broad but with small, well-moulded features. The nose curved, the black brows almost meeting above half-closed eyes. His mouth wore an expression of content, of being well pleased with himself, even of having some secret that amused him. When he and his partner sat down he looked straight before him as though relishing this secret.

Cynthia turned to Sir Giles. "Do you know who the Italian is?" she asked. "The one sitting almost opposite, with the girl in black."

"One of the young fellows of the village," he replied. "They say he has quite a good voice. One of the artists who live here has taken him up." After a week Sir Giles knew more about the life of the town than the Emmetts had learned in six.

Cynthia made no answer, but she continued to look at the young Italian until their eyes met. Then she did not lower hers, but merely averted them, looking into space, as he had been looking, with an expression of secretive pleasure.

THE orchestra began to play again. Sir Giles, who had been sipping vermouth, leaned toward her, his eyes bright, and said:

"You are looking very lovely to-night, Cynthia."

Usually she was not responsive to compliments, but now she asked seriously:

"You really mean that?"

"Of course I do!"

"But how can you? I'm not even pretty."

Sir Giles just touched her arm. "There is something about you much more than that. And your arms are lovely. I hope you won't mind my saying so, but I think it's a pity you let them get so tanned. However, the sun is making up for that by bringing out the gold in your hair."

She asked abruptly: "Which is the artist?"

Sir Giles was a little disconcerted. "The artist? Oh, the man who has taken up this Italian! He's the very thin man near the door."

"He looks interesting," said the girl. "I mean, I rather like artists. I should like to meet him."

"Very well. I'll fetch him." Sir Giles did not attempt to conceal the huffiness in his voice.

While Cynthia and the artist were dancing she asked him questions about the Italian. Why was he interested in him? Could he really sing well? She liked music, she said, and

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had taken singing lessons for a time, but her voice wasn't really worth cultivation. Still, she had learned a little Italian through it, and that came in handy when one was travelling. What did the young man do for a living?

The artist shrugged. "He doesn't do much of anything, I'm afraid, but live on his mother. He's as lazy as possible, but he's awfully attractive, don't you think? I should like to paint him, but I'm no good at figures. You must come to my studio and hear him sing."

LATER he brought the young man to her, introducing him with an almost parental air of apology and pride, as of a father who introduced a worthless but highly attractive son.

Sylvestro bowed precisely, yet with an animal grace. His heavy-lidded eyes searched Cynthia's face. He asked her in broken English, in a voice powerful even in its softness, to dance.

"Thanks," she answered coldly, "but I promised this to Sir Giles. After that I'm going upstairs. I'm tired to-night."

"You have been walking too far?" he asked. His eyes told her that he did not believe her, that he knew she was going because she was afraid to dance with him. He smiled, with the same look of secret pleasure within himself.

She could not sleep. She tossed about and searched for cool places on the pillow for her hot face. She had never been in love. She had never experienced anything more than an insipid liking for any man. And Sylvestro was not even the sort of man she liked. He was the reverse of athletic. He was slow, indolent, heavy, but there was about him something of the passion of the heavy bee that plunges searchingly into the shaking flower.

AT last she slept a little, but she was awake again at sunrise, leaning out of her window. It was the first warm morning, and the air came in little gusts, warm and light, touching her with plumy swiftness like a bird's wing. The sky was a clear pink with a golden sheen on it. She looked down a wooded slope to the sea, the white foam of which seemed to be motionless, as though carved, even while curling along the beach. The deep blue of the water showed a splash of green near the shore. The air was heavy with the scent of mimosa blossoms. Still in the cold shadow of the mountain the town lay, but in a few minutes the sun would be searching out the pink and yellow colour of the walls, and, later, draw out the brightness of the gardens as from a well.

Where did Sylvestro live? she wondered. The artist had told her that his mother and sisters kept a little shop where they sold their own needlework; that he did nothing. She pictured him idling about the streets, kept by his mother and sisters. For the first time she refused to go on an expedition with her father and Sir Giles. She was tired, she said, and would spend the day in the garden. The men were disappointed at setting out without her. It seemed so strange for Cynthia to be tired.

SHE found the shop kept by Sylvestro's womenfolk, and went in, pretending interest in a linen frock the shade of mauve wistaria, embroidered by hand. "Tutto fanno per mano," repeated the little dark woman, Sylvestro's mother, while the two pretty young girls stood by, admiring.

All three were slender, vivacious, eager to please. Yet, behind their warmth lay a coldness, a shadow, as of something that oppressed them. Was it the shadow of Sylvestro? Cynthia wondered. Or the shadow of the dead father? Sylvestro must be like him. Cynthia pictured a dark, heavy man, with secretly-smiling lips, moving with a kind of heavy grace through the little dark rooms behind the shop. But perhaps he had been dead for a long time. There were no windows in the shop, only the door stood open to the street. About it the four women clustered, the Italians holding the dress against Cynthia to try the effect, laughing and talking together. Along the street came a woman in a yellow shawl. She had a twisted cloth on her head on which was poised a large earthen jar filled with water. She walked firmly, not turning her head, but her bright eyes shot a glance of quick approbation at the group. A man driving a donkey laden with the bodies of young kids stopped full in the doorway for a moment, smiling.

How [illegible] ice they were, Cynthia thought, but she had a strang[illegible] shuddering sensation when the hands of the women touc[illegible]. They were of the same flesh as Sylvestro, and she [illegible] from their contact. She did not know what

was wrong with her. She bought the dress and hurried away, fearing that he might possibly appear while she was there.

THE next night the English artist invited them to his studio. Sylvestro was there, and he sang. He stood by the piano in the chill stone room that had been the refectory of a monastery, and sang songs that Cynthia had heard many a time, but they had not made her feel like this. She was not conscious of the quality of his voice, of whether he showed promise as a singer. She was only conscious of its slow power and indolent passion. But he sang one song she had never heard before. He sang it in a purring undertone, looking, George Emmett thought, like a big black cat purring before the fire. He remarked this in a whisper to his daughter, for there was an expression in her eyes he did not like as she watched Sylvestro. Emmett added:

"I can't stand the looks of that fellow. I can't see why this artist wants him about. It isn't as though he could sing."

She did not answer. He looked at her suspiciously, and asked: "Don't you agree?"

"No," she answered, and turned away her face.

SHE and Sylvestro were in the garden together. It was a walled garden, with paved walks between beds of irises and tulips, and many flowers that were strange to Cynthia. She walked before Sylvestro, talking in unnatural, jerky sentences, comparing the shapes and colours of the flowers to this and that—the tulips to cups of dark wine, the irises to grey butterflies. Sylvestro did not understand half of what she said. He followed her in silence along the narrow walks, but when she turned to look at him she saw that

"They found them in the hills, in the house of a cousin of Sylvestro's"

DRAWN BY EDGAR SPENCELEY

smile, like a flicker of moonlight across his face, and the gleam of his eyes. She stopped before a stone basin filled with water that trickled from a gargoyle mouth, and put her hands into it to quiet the beating in her wrists.

Sylvestro stood lounging against an urn over-brimmed with sweet-smelling heliotrope. He made no effort to understand her or to talk to her. He stood watching her with curiosity and with faint distrust of a being not of his breed. He turned his eyes from her and let them wander along the ranks of white lilies. He watched a small cloud moving across the face of the moon. Then he turned again to her, smiling to see her wrap her wet arms in the whit fringe of her shawl. As for her, the sight of the moo ht on his bronze face maddened her. She now knew love was—a reckless, primitive love that she could n e.

It was not that she did not try to subdue it. She walked swiftly to the far end of the garden, to a seat beneath a gnarled mandarlo. She tried to feel very British, very athletic, very distrustful of Latins, but she did not succeed. She felt of no country whatsoever, only a woman subject to primitive emotion. She felt weak physically, as though she would like to stretch herself on the seat, with her head on her arm.

He came and sat down beside her. A climbing rose had draped itself along a branch of the mandarlo that thrust out above the seat, and here and there a great red rose stood out against the night. Sylvestro plucked the nearest of them and put it gently between her clasped fingers.

"Bellissima," he said, "very nice."

Her fingers felt a thorn on the stem, but she pressed it without heeding. Her eyes were fixed on him, full of fear and love.

He was looking at her hands and he began gently to draw the shawl from her arms. "Let me," he said, "see your beautiful arms."

They lay, long and graceful, exposed in the moonlight. He took her wrists in his hands. "They are cold," he said, "from the water." He raised her arms, still linked by the rose, and put them about his neck. The rose lay against the thick darkness of his hair.

For the first time their eyes met without evasion, full of understanding. The smile had left his lips; he pressed them to hers.

THE next day George Emmett said to his daughter:

"Whatever is the matter with you? You are not at all like yourself, Cynthia."

"I am in love with Sylvestro," she answered. "I want to marry him."

"Sylvestro?" he repeated, dumbfounded. "Who is he?"

"The Italian who sang at the studio last night. But that wasn't the beginning. I fell in love with him that first time I saw him at our hotel."

"You're joking!"

"No, I'm not. I'm in dead earnest."

"Then you're out of your senses!"

"No. I was never more sane in my life. I've always known what I wanted. You know that. And now I want Sylvestro. He's the first man I've ever cared about."

With terrible earnestness her father said: "This will all pass. It's only a fancy. Young girls are often taken this way in foreign countries."

She regarded him coolly, the expression of an athletic young woman in her eyes. "Not me. This goes to the very middle of me."

"You will have forgotten it by the next tennis tournament. By then you will be keener on winning it than you are about this."

She began to walk the floor. "Tennis tournaments! I don't care if I never play games again!"

Her father began to have doubts of her reason. "You don't feel ill, or anything, do you?" he asked, anxiously.

She drew up before him. "Do I look ill?"

HE had never seen her look so well in his life. She was handsome, with her eyes brilliant, her mouth both fierce and tremulous, her arms folded as though she faced the world. "This is perfectly awful," he said. He was cut to the heart, for he had been having one of the happiest holidays of his life, and he had imagined that Cynthia had no one in her thoughts but him.

"It's awful," he repeated. "But you must believe me when I tell you that you'll get over it. I was through some such thing myself once, years ago."

"Nothing will help me to get over this," she returned.

He controlled himself. He spoke calmly. "Well, we'll go off on a tramp now, and talk things over on the mountain."

But she refused to go with him, so he and Sir Giles set off with their little bag of lunch together. On the mountain-top, after they had eaten the last sandwich, they lighted their pipes, and George Emmett told his friend about Cynthia's infatuation for Sylvestro.

Sir Giles was astounded, and he felt a sense of personal

(Continued on page 40)

FILM NOTES

A DRAMA WITH THE ELEMENTS AS THE VILLAIN

By Lionel Collier

Mr. Errol Hinds, Mrs. Court-Treatt and Major Court-Treatt filming the game pictures from the inside of an ant-hill in Pro Patria's new film "Stark Nature," to be shown in London shortly. The animals who "feature" in "Stark Nature" were taken in the very wild regions of the "Sud" country in the Western Sudan

I MUST confess to a very real pleasure in what are known as "interest pictures." These, however, seem to find little favour in the ordinary cinema unless we except such novelties as "Chang."

Cobham's flight, Court-Treatt's expedition, all have the thrill of strange adventure and realism. Recent examples include Commander Dyott's picture, "Tiger Hunting in India," at the Palace, which was made under the auspices of the American Museum of Natural History, and holds more real thrill than many carefully faked situations. This, I believe, is the first travel feature to be accompanied by a "talkie" lecture. It adds little to the picture's value, because the lecturer usually only tells us what we actually see. It is rendered still less effectively because there is a background of musical accompaniment, above which the Commander has to make himself heard.

THE most effective interest picture I have ever seen is "Turksib," a Russian film made by Victor Turin, which depicts the origination and building of a railway from Turkestan to Siberia.

Rame Tahe, looking picturesque in "Cain," the sound and singing romance of the tropics, directed by Leon Poirier. Most of the scenes were filmed on the Isle of Nossi Bé, near Madagascar, and this picture is to be presented in this country shortly under the auspices of Gaumont British

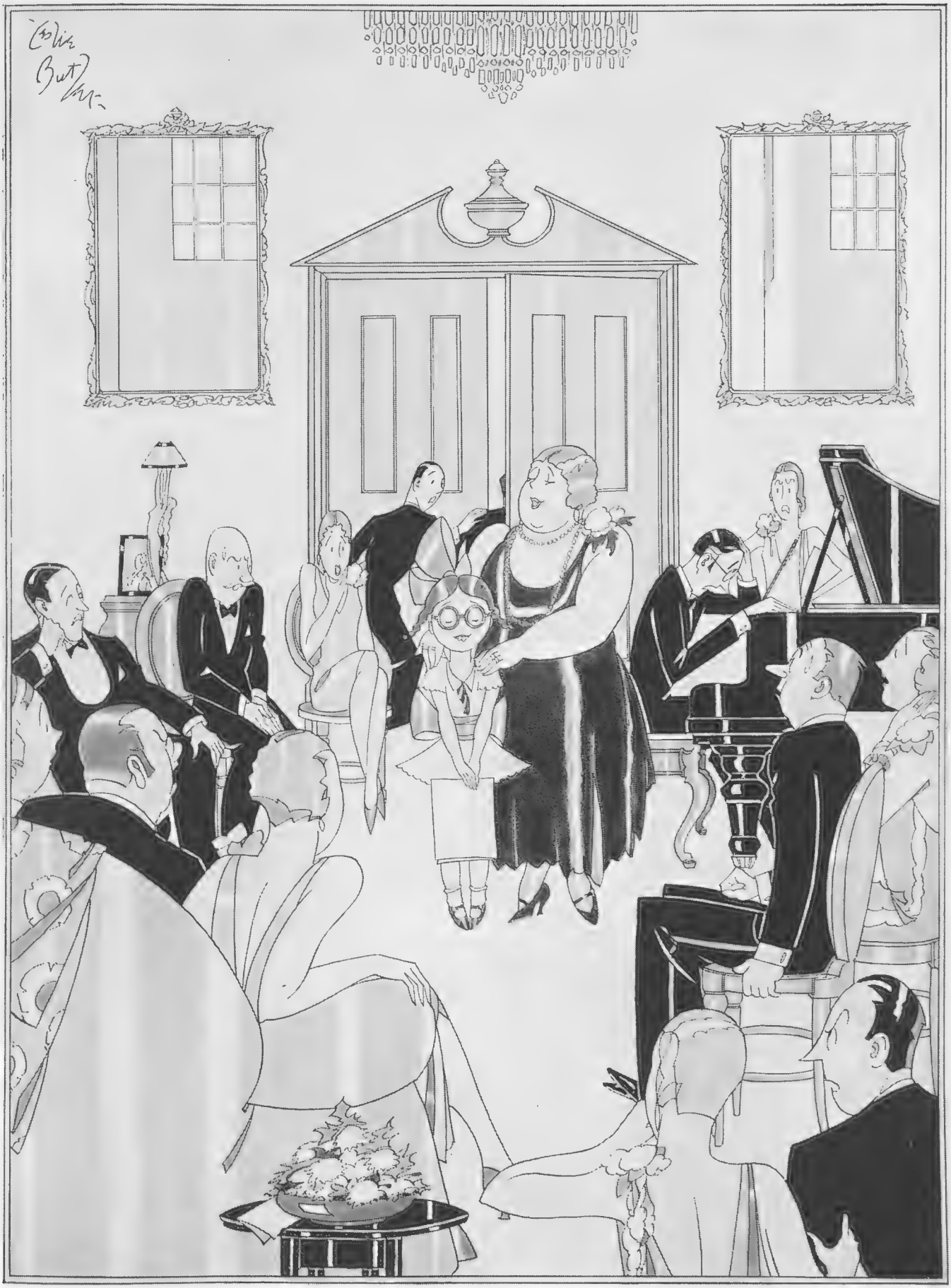
A charming young German actress, Miss Hannah Waag attracted a great deal of attention as a telephone operator in "The Burning Heart," to be generally released shortly. She has starred in a number of German pictures, including the much discussed and banned film "Marriage," and has a number of stage successes to her credit, including Shaw's "St. Joan"

So many films are called epics that the word has lost its real meaning, but this picture is, in a very real sense, epic. There is no attempt to bring in a love interest or even individual human characterisation, as the Americans did with "The Iron Horse," a picturisation of the building of the railway across America. Turin has taken man, labour and machinery, and made a drama of their conflict with Nature.

He depicts vividly the heat of

(Continued on page 30)

MOMENTOUS MOMENTS



BY LESLIE BUTLER

HOSTESS: "*My daughter will now sing*"

FILM NOTES (continued from page 28)

Attaboy . . . . the title of the film is "New York Nights" . . . . and the scene one of them. This is Norma Talmadge's first all-talkie picture now showing at the New Gallery

Talking of ties . . . . and American men . . . . F. E. Baily says "American ties are simply barbarous," *but Marie Astaire looks willing to forgive Fred Scott anything—*even *his tie! A scene in "The Grand Parade," in which Helen Twelvetrees proves herself to be a coming star*

Turkestan with a wealth of animate and inanimate objects, such as the workers exhausted, a dog panting, the cotton plants and corn withering, the ground cracking. Then, with a cumulative effect, he shows the melting of the snows and the down rush of the torrent, which, however, is only sufficient to keep the grain crop alive. What Turkestan needs is corn from Siberia, so that all the water can be used for the cotton plantations which, in turn, will keep the machinery busy.

But corn has to be carried across the desert, and with an immense vividness one is shown the destruction of a caravan by a simoon.

THEN the idea of the railway is born, and the pioneers set out to overcome the elements of wind, snow, desert and rock which bar the progress.

This is made literally dramatic. Nature is treated as the villain, and the great machines and labour of man are brought into conflict with it in a most dramatic manner.

Here pictorial and imaginative art is at its highest. The producer has seized on details and assembled them in a way which simply holds one's interest to the end. There is, in fact, story value and dramatic construction.

I have heard it said that this picture is Bolshevist propaganda. As a matter of fact, there is nothing of the sort unless it be that to show a great achievement is propaganda. The Americans have been doing that for years, and no one has levelled the cry of subversive propaganda at them.

More Screen Revue

ONCE again the screen has proved very conclusively in "The Show of Shows," at the Tivoli, that it cannot beat the stage at its own game.

Despite the galaxy of stars there is little of real merit except the efficiency of technical direction.

Dance scenes are beautifully drilled, but they commence to bore by their insistency, and humour is sadly lacking.

One of the hits of the show is the announcer, Frank Fay, who has an excellent delivery, quiet and quizzical. Even his introduction to John Barrymore's speech from King Henry VI involving a comparison with Al Capone can be allowed to pass.

This introduction of the famous American Shakespearian actor and film star is a relief in the welter of trivialities, and his pleasing voice forms an oasis of pleasure. But even he is given a stage background instead of one rendered realistic by camera work.

ANOTHER turn which stands out is Sid Silver's imitation of Al Jolson. Although the compère of the show said he could not agree that he was as good as the popular "mammy" exponent, I found him much more amusing.

The rest is in colour, which has a disconcerting habit of changing tone, and not only that, but of obscuring faces unless they are at least in half shots. So far as massed effect goes, however, there is something to be said for it.

I found the appearance of Georges Carpentier as a man-about-town rather depressing. Few people would realise that they were looking at a former heavyweight champion of Europe.

OF interest to those who like to follow stars, in fact cinema fans, the turn which introduces a series of sisters of the screen will prove of interest.

Stars of "The Gold Diggers of Broadway" appear, including Nick Lucas, whose personality I have yet to discern, and Winnie Lightner, who seems only a shadow of her former self.

Much of this is due to the paucity of material in the lyrics. Any words seem considered to be good enough to pass muster.

They say that variety is dying, but if its lyrics had been as feeble as these it would have been in its grave long ago.

OUR EMPIRE SERIES

No. 9: COMMERCIAL VANCOUVER

A street scene in Vancouver, British Columbia. This city is one of the most flourishing outposts of the British Empire. Situated on the West coast, it has an excellent seaport and is also the terminus of the C.P.R. It has a population of over 300,000

UP THE RIVER AMAZON

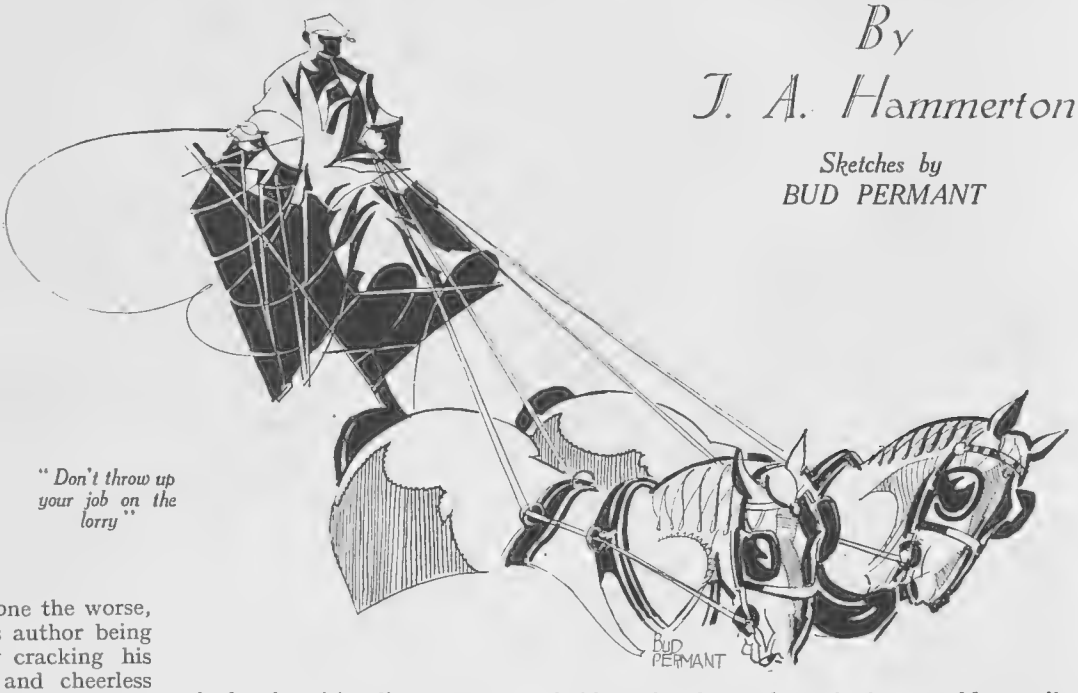
A charming study of a backwater showing a party of tourists among the beautiful Victoria Regia water lilies that abound in the region of the Amazon. In such haunts as the above the traveller will appear to have emerged into another world, so magnificent is the scenery. It is, however, within the reach of many to view these different enchantments, as there is always a selection of trips to be taken up the river, the well-known Booth Line being among those that organise them

THE LITERARY SHOW

TRAVELLING COMPANIONS

By J. A. Hammerton

Sketches by BUD PERMANT

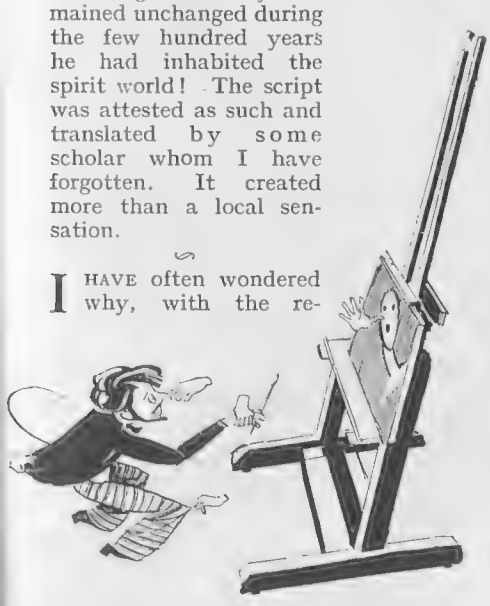


"Don't throw up your job on the lorry"

THE author of *All Smoke* is the subject of an odd paragraph circulated by his publishers (Constable and Co.). He is a Glasgow lorry driver with the authentic Scots name of McFadyen. It would appear that Mr. W. F. McFadyen just wrote his novel and posted it to Constable without disclosing the fact that he drove a lorry for his living. "After the author's contract had been signed, then it was that this interesting fact came out." Thus his publishers almost left the impression that had they known before things might have been different! I am sure that *All Smoke* will be none the worse, but all the better, for its author being one who earns his living cracking his whip through the grey and cheerless streets of the "dark sea-born city."

A GOOD half-century ago Glasgow boasted another lorryman author, an amazing fellow. David Duguid was his name, and he was famed as a "writing medium." Glasgow was a hotbed of spiritualists in those distant days. The first "spirit photos" I ever saw were taken by a photographer in Jamaica Street about that time. Duguid, I think, was also given to painting weird oil pictures when in a state of trance. But his great achievement was the writing of a book entitled *Hafid, Prince of Persia*. This was alleged to have been dictated to him by the spirit of Hafid, and was written throughout in mediæval Persian, the prince's language having evidently remained unchanged during the few hundred years he had inhabited the spirit world! The script was attested as such and translated by some scholar whom I have forgotten. It created more than a local sensation.

I HAVE often wondered why, with the revival of spiritualism, so remarkable a document has not attracted renewed attention. The book—a work of considerable length as I picture it in my mind's eye—was printed by a Glasgow house with which, years after my time, I hear to my surprise, so distinguished a novelist and critic as Mr. Frank Swinnerton was also associated. They issued various occult publications, and among them the first book of an author famous in after years for his *Tales of Mean Streets* and *A Child of the Jago*. Not many know that Mr. Arthur Morrison, who has long since laid down the pen of the story-writer, made his first venture in authorship forty years ago with *Shadows Around Us*, a book of supposedly truthful ghost stories.



"Given to painting weird oil pictures when in a state of trance"

This literary causerie by Mr. J. A. Hammerton, concerned mainly with writers and their foibles, appears in alternate issues

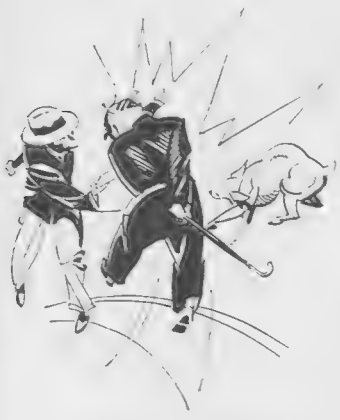
ALTHOUGH the present is the golden age of authorship, it is also the heyday of the amateur. The rewards of the really successful novelist are so immense that thousands seek them for one that finds. Fifty pounds, and more often twenty-five, is as much as the ruck of novels earn for their writers. You must needs be an amateur to write for so little. Don't throw up your job on the lorry until your publishers can offer you five or ten times your first advance! In the old days of three-volume novels which sold at a guinea and a half and were bought only by the libraries there was a class of author who could earn a moderate livelihood in providing such literary fare. These writers were, on the whole, without originality or any marked talent, but they knew the formula for the concoction of a conventional novel, and they could usually write decent English.

THEY were wiped out by the sudden rise of the six-shilling novel, of which Hall Caine, with *The Manxman* in 1894, was the real pioneer. The three-volume convention, which meant a living to the lesser writers, hindered the proper expansion of circulation to which the works of the really popular novelists were capable of attaining. Nobody ever bought a novel in three volumes. Only since the six-shilling novel, which before the War sold at four and six net, came into vogue has there been a novel-buying public. The old "three-decker" deserved to die, like all outworn conventions. One of the last novels of note to be published in that form was *The Little Minister*, which appeared in 1891.

TALKING of amateur writers, I heard the other day that Mr. David Emerson, the author of *Regency Windows*, a remarkable first novel which I read some weeks ago and which has been very favourably received, is not, as one might have supposed from his book, a facile journalist with a turn for historical study and an unusual gift of narrative, but a young man under thirty engaged in the disagreeable industry of collecting income taxes! Did any decent-minded young man ever say to himself, "I shall become an income tax collector"? Surely not. It is charitable to suppose that those who take away so much of our hard-earned incomes to be squandered by other

POEMS WHICH WILL — AND WILL NOT LIVE

State employees are what they are less by design than accident. If Mr. Emerson is as good at tax collecting as he promises to be at novel writing he ought to earn as much unpopularity in the one occupation as success in the other. I approve of tax collectors going in for literature: it will help to humanise them.



"Engaged in the disagreeable industry of collecting income taxes"

THE majority of novel writers to-day — and all the poets, save two or three —are amateurs. Unlike amateur tennis stars, they take money for what they write—as much as they can get or as little as their works earn. A well-known literary agent used to say, "There is no rate so high that an author will not ask, and none so low that he will not accept." He was right. I once asked an author to send me a thousand words on a subject which he was supposed to know backwards. He telephoned me: "I'll be glad to let you have that article; but I'll want thirty guineas." "You will get five," I said. He sent the article.

ALWAYS when I pack up for a journey a layer of books goes into my box. I have just taken an inventory of the books that are accompanying me to Southern Spain and Northern Africa for a month or so. A singularly ill-assorted lot they seem when catalogued. Of the thirteen volumes three come from Mr. Jonathan Cape's delightful Travellers' Library. These are Hudson's *Men, Books and Birds,* Winwood Reade's *The Martyrdom of Man,* and Mencken's *Selected Prejudices.* Two are issued in Chatto's alluring Phœnix Library: Aldous Huxley's *Proper Studies* and Harold Munro's anthology of *Twentieth-century Poetry.* The elegant *Sea and Sardinia,* by D. H. Lawrence, is one of a score of volumes I possess in Secker's dainty New Adelphi Library, while *A Vernon Lee Anthology,* gay in a multi-colour dust wrapper, represents The Week-End Library of the Bodley Head. Two volumes of Dostoevsky's *The Brothers Karamazov* are from the oldest and greatest of our popular libraries, Everyman's. Edward Clodd's *Myths and Dreams* is the second octavo edition published thirty-nine years ago, the first having appeared in 1885. It is the least outwardly attractive of the lot, as the other three, Walter de la Mare's *Memoirs of a Midget* (Collins: 3*s.* 6*d.*), *The Stuffed Owl,* an anthology of bad verse (Dent: 6*s.*), and Frank Harris's *My Reminiscences as a Cowboy* (Boni, New York), also belong to the new and better style of book-making.

WHAT a motley crew to go a-travelling with! Some may think so, but I know that I'm in for a good time in their company, having already spent some hours with most of them. The collection of W. H. Hudson's letters, written to and edited by his friend, Morley Roberts, though not, perhaps, one of the best sellers, is the only thing of Hudson's in volume form that I haven't read; but *The Martyrdom of Man* I am proposing to read for the third time. It is one of the greatest achievements of a century rich in epoch-making works. As many an original and courageous thinker has done, and will yet do, Reade poured out the resources of an opulent scholarship and sacrificed his health in this brilliant attempt to produce an enduring statement of historical truth. He was dead at thirty-seven, three years after its publication in 1872, with little public approval to console him at the end. Yet I believe that by virtue of *The Martyrdom of Man* his name will live as long as that of his uncle, who enjoyed so splendid a career as author and dramatist, and wrote a masterpiece of fiction in *The Cloister and the Hearth.*

"The majority of novel writers to-day are amateurs"

A REVIEWER of *Twentieth-century Poetry* alleged that the volume contains two hundred poems "which we would not willingly let die." I have been testing that old cliché. I have read most of the collection and hope to go through it again, but I have marked a number that I would not willingly let live. Some of them might have added to the gaiety of *The Stuffed Owl* were it not that an anthologist in search of bathos and balderdash cannot very well apply to a living poet for permission to include his or her lines.

I AM anticipating some joyous moments with *The Stuffed Owl.* One of the gems which its ingenious editors, D. B. Wyndham Lewis and Charles Lee, have unearthed is by an unknown "Housemaid Poet" and runs thus:

O Moon when I gaze on thy beautiful face,
Careering along through the boundaries of space,
The thought has often come into my mind
If I ever shall see thy glorious behind.

The housemaid's naïve image reminds one of the last verse of the thirty-third chapter of Exodus, where the Lord says unto Moses: "And I will take away mine hand, and thou shalt see my back parts: but my face shall not be seen."

J. A. Hammerton

THE WORLD'S DANCE CHAMPIONS *P. and A.*

The International Dancing Championship recently took place in Paris under the auspices of the French Federation of Dancing Teachers. Above are seen M. Salvador Font Miralles, world champion for the past two years, and his partner, Mlle. Rachelle Legrand, giving an exhibition at the Coliseum during the contest

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PARIS GOSSIP

CHIT-CHAT AND CHARITY

By SYLVIA LYON

Illustrations by NORMAN KAY

THE Seine is high and yellow, and it has a surly look. Perhaps the reason is because Paris is having one of its intellectual fits. But before I make up my mind just how such a fit should be treated I will consider the fact that, week in and week out, the Editor labels these articles "Paris Gossip."

I was ruminating over this categorical subject, and my mind started to wander. This is a very dangerous thing to do. It might wander too far and escape, and the papers would have columns about "Girl's Mind Wanders. The police have several clues as to just where it may be found, but so far none of the clues has been tracked down." This morning, but the police must not know this, my mind wandered over a paragraph in a society column, and the arrivals and departures of people on transatlantics, and my mind came to rest upon some choice gossip that I heard the other day at Jacques-Emile Blanche's house.

It had wandered so far that my breakfast tray went off my bed with a horrible crash. My maid entered in great alarm, picked up the broken china, mopped up the coffee and marmalade and said, "Il faut que Mademoiselle se marie."

THE GREAT OPEN SPACES

A view of the Champs-Elysées, the magnificent avenue that runs from the Place de la Concorde to the Arc de Triomphe, a thoroughfare rightly regarded as the pride of Paris

WHAT caused my breakfast tray to fall off the bed was my having read two items in the paper: one that a certain American-woman-who-lives-at the-Ritz had given a luncheon party, and the list of names contained three of the best in France, so I thought that charity covers a multitude of guest-lists.

One of these names recalled what I had heard chez Blanche . . . Somebody had said: "An-American-woman-who-lives-at-the-Ritz sent a luncheon invitation to the Comtesse de X de Z, who is a very great lady and . . ."

"What do you mean, great lady?" interrupted Blanche, "don't misinform the girl!"

"And," continued his friend, "with the invitation were a few words saying that when she came to lunch with her at the Ritz she would give the Comtesse a check for a thousand francs for one of her charities."

The luncheon was for three weeks in advance, but the Frenchwoman answered that she had no time free even three weeks in advance.

I said, "I know the American woman you mean, and I don't blame the Comtesse. The Américaine should have known that the Comtesse de X de Z would not have lunch with her in the Ritz before God and Olivier and everybody for only a thousand francs for charity. Ten thousand might have done the trick."

Then they went on to say that the same Américaine had offered ten thousand to a certain charity if one of the titled committee heads would invite her to lunch with a certain woman who the Américaine had quoted in awe "is herself the daughter of a duke who has a street named after him!"

Well, this morning I saw in the paper that this American woman must have given a pretty expensive lunch party, for the three names in the list must have made some charity richer by at least thirty thousand francs.

"My breakfast tray went off my bed with a horrible crash"

I ALSO saw, in another part of the paper, that Monsieur A. B., the famous couturier, upon sailing for America in the Ile de France, which had finally made up its mind to shove off, said that he was not going to the United States on business but to "visit friends in New York and Washington," which shows that some dressmakers must have inferiority complexes. And André Maurois is going to America soon, but he does not say that he is going to visit friends. He says that he is going to give lectures on French and Russian literature at Princeton. . . . Oh well . .

They say that the real reason why Sacha Guitry wrote and performed in the Franco-American charity revue was because he plans to go to America again, and hopes this publicity tournée will be more than profitable.

THE speed with which the little revue writers can turn out shows in Paris is truly remarkable. Within but two weeks after the first Paris showing of Chevalier's film, "Parade d'Amour," a new intimate revue (in Paris an "intimate revue" means one containing the kind of jokes you would not dare tell to your most intimate friend) called *Parade d'Humour*, has appeared at the Théâtre de la Caricature. And at the Menus Plaisirs is *Cocktail 328*, the title for which derived its inspiration from Giraudoux's *Amphytrion 38*.

NOW to show you how brainy Paris has been this week. There has been Emil Ludwig's lecture on

(Continued on page 36)

DREAMS, BY WORTHINGTON

THE STEEPLEJACK'S DREAM

PARIS GOSSIP (continued from page 34B)

ARISTOCRACY AND ACCIDENTS

MLLE. JANE AUBERT'S MATRIMONIAL TANGLE

The well-known artiste wife of Colonel Nelson Morris, of Chicago, has been starring in "Good News," at the Palace Music-Hall, in Paris. Colonel Morris recently filed a suit in a Paris court against the directors of the Music-Hall for letting his wife appear on the stage against his wishes. He claimed 200,000 francs for damages to his name, and 5,000 francs for every day she appeared on the stage

Goethe, and the above-mentioned Maurois talking about Tolstoy and Tourgenev in the best possible humour (he, not them), although I should think that he must be awfully annoyed because of newly discovered Shelley letters, so that he will have to write his "Ariel" all over again.

THEN there was another centennial, this time at the Sorbonne, in memory of Fustel de Coulanges, who, it seems, was a great historian; at the Galerie Pigalle, by Piazzi, the pianist, a lecture "avec audition" on jazz music, "de Red Nicholas a Paul Whiteman," with highbrows clustered about, heavily discussing discs and sipping cocktails. They should not do that before people, because when they go home they write great tirades against cocktails and other pernicious evidences of the American invasion.

"They write great tirades against cocktails"

there. A few minutes ago I saw in a library window a book called "Delteil tout nue," written by Maryse Choisy, who one year ago announced that she was going to write the most startling and intimate revelations about her boy friends, and now I suppose she has really done it.

THE Canadian Legation stands at the end of the Rue François Premier where the street widens into a square. This has just been named the "Place de Canada," and in honour of its christening Mr. and Mrs. Philippe Roy gave a reception the other day. . . . On one seemingly

THE LATEST PARIS ATTRACTION

Mlle. Leila Bederkhan, the Kurdistan Princess who has made such a success as an Oriental dancer. She has recently been dancing in Paris, at the Théâtre des Champs-Elysées

But the French are so practical. Instead of writing complaints to *The Times*, they write complaints about everything in general, even quarrel with each other, and get paid for it.

AND there was the sale of Paul Souday's library, which went on for days, and some authors bought in their own books so that curious outsiders would never find out what the late critic really thought about these books within the privacy of his study. One day was devoted to a sale of his letters, and the Princesse Marthe Bibesco told me that after this sale she felt dead, as fourteen of her letters went for far too high a price for a person who is still alive. Paul Morand has sold his manuscript of "New York" for the benefit of the Midi flood sufferers, and two of his confrères, Valery Larbaud and Joseph Delteil, have lost properties

sinister afternoon three diplomats in Paris were injured, but only slightly, in automobile accidents. The Albanian Minister was hurt on the Pont Alexandre III, the Polish Consul-General was hurt at the Etoile, and the Spanish Consul-General in the Place de Carrousel.

I THOUGHT it very strange that the very week Primo de Rivera died there were many Spanish personalities in Paris. The Duke of Alba and the Duke and Duchesse of Penaranda were here. Raquel Meller gave a gala recital at the Salle Pleyel, and one evening at the Spanish restaurant, "La Vigne Vierge" Zuloaga, Belmonte, the great bull-fighter, and Ramon Gomez de la Serna, the author, gathered for a dinner where Primo de Rivera was expected, but at the last moment his doctor told him not to go.

S. L.

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BOOKS AND PEOPLE

THIS WILL NOT DO

By Ralph Straus

I BELIEVE that I was the first person to review Mr. Wilder's now famous novel, *The Bridge of San Luis Rey,* in this country. I considered it to be a splendidly original piece of work. To-day many people are of the opinion that it was almost absurdly overpraised. I do not agree with them. But because a man has written one really remarkable book and so gained an international reputation is no reason for a persistent worship at his shrine.

THE *Bridge* was followed by a volume of short plays. Admittedly they were earlier works, furbished up. They seemed to me to be commonplace. But we were bidden to wait. Mr. Wilder was at work on a full-length novel, *The Woman of Andros* (Longmans: 6*s.*). And when it was finished we should see that *The Bridge* was no flash in the pan, but the work of a man of ascending genius.

WELL, *The Woman of Andros* is not a full-length novel. It is a long short story, and a poorly constructed short story, and an unoriginal short story. If Thornton Wilder had not been its author I do not believe that a hundred people would be reading it to-day. But he did write it, and it is beautifully written. It is a thing of the finest shades. It contains phrases that you want to remember. But — is that enough?

THE trouble seems to be that Mr. Wilder has not relied on his own proved powers of invention. He has gone back to an old play by Terence for part of his story, and made an alteration or two, and added something of his own, and produced what is really an unshapely, if finely wrought, hybrid. For what is its main theme or purpose? I find it difficult to say.

YOU have a young man of old Greece whose father wishes him to marry his oldest friend's daughter. The young man, Pamphilus, is not too pleased at the suggestion. To his island, you see, there has come a most attractive lady, one Chrysis, who not only gives amusing and intellectual parties, but is delightfully free from uncomfortable conventions: in other words, a courtesan. Very well: Pamphilus is hardly an unusual young man. But he meets by chance Chrysis's younger sister, a most innocent virgin, and seduces her. Once again, very well. Unfortunately, Chrysis herself is killed off in the middle of the story, just when you might begin to be interested in her, and Pamphilus's father is called on to deal with the problem of her sister. And then this girl has a child and dies, and that is about all.

REALLY, this will not do at all. It is not even as if Mr. Wilder had brought a new breath of life into these old days. I do not say that the people seem unreal—they do not; but there is little that is novel in their presentation. And is their story dramatic? Not particularly. Is a new and startling philosophy being propounded? No. Then where is the book's attraction? Only in its distinguished writing. And I say that this is not enough. As the heavy-handed reviewers of old used to say, Mr. Wilder will have to look to his laurels.

Mr. Thornton Wilder, the well-known writer and author of "The Bridge of San Luis Rey." His new novel, "The Woman of Andros," is reviewed on this page

I PASS on to another novel which seems to have had considerably more publicity in advance than it deserves. Of Mr. Thorne Smith's *The Stray Lamb* (Heinemann: 7*s.* 6*d.*) we were told that it was "the funny book for which the world had been waiting." Well, the world is an odd enough place, but is it really so odd as all that? Mr. Smith is an American, and Americans may like this kind of thing, but the whole book seems to be the vulgarest tosh, singularly unfunny, and not even original.

MR. LAMB is a respectable "commuter" with a daughter who calls him "Major," and a wife who has a lover who wears loud ties—as nearly all Americans do. He meets a young woman who, with his daughter's help, proceeds to vamp him. And then, for no particular reason, he meets a male fairy who turns him successively into a horse, a seagull, a kangaroo, a dog, a goldfish, a cat, and a lion. And, either in his own person or disguised, Mr. Lamb spends most of his time in getting drunk or being put into other people's beds.

WHERE is the fun? In these animal transformations? But surely our own humorists have already explored all the possibilities. Then it is, perhaps, in the improprieties? But these are simply dull. Is it, then, in the police-court scenes? Goodness only knows. I have rarely been so bored by a book.

IT was whispered beforehand that Miss Helen Zenna Smith's War book, *Not So Quiet* . . . (Marriott: 5*s.*) would be found to be about the naughtiest thing in its line yet printed, but this is hardly the case. Let us call it outspoken. It tells the story of a girl ambulance-driver in France who afterwards became a W.A.A.C. In the usual way it has nothing good to say of those in authority and spares us none of the horrors and filth of war.

I DO not know how much (if any) exaggeration has crept into its bitter but illuminating pages, but it has the mistake of all these realistic war books: it shows only one side of the picture. Women placed in authority occasionally did suffer from swollen heads; they were sometimes brutes like Miss Smith's Commandant; but this was not always so. And in the same way young subalterns occasionally "went all out for pleasure," but not all of them were always thinking of nothing but temporary marriages. The book, however, is vivid enough, and of its stark sincerity there is not a doubt.

BOOKS RECEIVED

THE SCHOOL FOR WIVES. By André Gide. (Knopf: 6s.)
PEREGRINATIONS OF PENELOPE. By Hon. Mrs. Victor Bruce. (Heath, Cranton: 5s.)
THE PURPLE STONE. By Errol Fitzgerald. (Mills and Boon: 7s. 6d.)
CALM WEATHER. By Gilbert Thomas. (Chapman and Hall: 6s.)
THE DIVIDING YEARS. By Farquhar Sloan. (Murray: 7s. 6d.)
A GALLERY OF WOMEN. By Theodore Dreiser. (Constable: 10s.)
ANOTHER FOR THE WOMAN. (Anon.) (Gollancz: 6s.)
A GENERATION MISSING. By Carroll Carstairs. (Heinemann: 7s. 6d.)

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SHE WENT ABROAD (*continued from page 27*)

injury. "I can't think," he said, frowning, "how Cynthia could bring herself to care for such a fellow. And she's been having such a splendid time with us. She told me so herself. You can't think how nice she's been to me."

They talked around and around the subject, and decided that Cynthia must be taken away at once. Sir Giles was willing to accompany the Emmetts wherever they might go. His temperate, elderly regard for Cynthia had suddenly flamed into an angry resolve to have her for his own.

But when they reached the hotel she was not there. She had left a note for her father, saying that she had gone off with Sylvestro. She had taken only a small travelling bag with clothes, and she had very little money, for she never cared to be troubled with it.

A MONTH had passed before they found Cynthia and her lover. They searched unobtrusively, for they wished to keep the affair out of the newspapers.

They found them in a village in the hills, in the house of a cousin of Sylvestro's. The cousin owned a little land, with a few vines, a few goats, on the edge of the village. It was squalor to George Emmett, and when he found his daughter standing in the shadow of the room, her face lighted by the flare from a charcoal brazier, he felt more shock than joy at discovering her. And there was something strange and new in her that put a barrier between them. She had a look of complete acceptance of her new life, of resenting intrusion on it. She was stirring something in a dish with a wooden spoon, and, just behind her, Sylvestro stood eating a piece of black bread from his hand. His shirt was open, showing his smooth, full chest. He did not change his position, but his dark eyes turned toward the Englishmen without embarrassment. There were half a dozen others, a man, a young woman and a very old one, three bare-footed children.

"AT last," cried George Emmett, "I have found you!"

"Yes," returned Cynthia, sombrely, "but if you're come to take me away with you, I'm not going."

He stood on the door-sill. "Cynthia, my darling, don't say that! You must come!"

"I can't. It's quite impossible."

Sir Giles asked, sharply: "Are you married?"

George Emmett turned on him. "How dare you ask her that question!"

"Because I wouldn't put anything past that man!"

Cynthia answered: "No, we're not married." She went on stirring the dish.

"Good God!" cried Emmett, and Sir Giles added: "Why not?"

"We hadn't thought about it," answered the girl.

"So much the better," said Emmett, grimly. "Come out here, Cynthia. I want to see you by yourself."

She handed the spoon to the young woman and approached her father, Sylvestro and his cousin also moved nearer the door.

"It's no use, father," she said. "I'll never leave him. I'm grown-up now. A woman in love. There isn't any power on earth that could move me." She threw back her head and looked into Sylvestro's face, with a look both protective and humble.

Suddenly, swiftly, he put his arms about her, held her to him, her head against his breast, then bent his head, and their faces were hidden against each other.

The cousin began to talk loudly and violently in Italian, furiously, facing the visitors. The three children, excited, began to run in and out, about their legs. One of the white doves entered the room and strutted up and down, nodding and rookety-cooing. The donkey, tethered in the yard, sent forth a sound like the doom of the world. There was nothing to be done.

George Emmett might have agreed to almost anything for Cynthia's sake, had not Sir Giles been with him. Sir Giles upheld him in anger and resentment. They left her, and Emmett said he never wanted to see her face again.

Cynthia had a little money from her mother. With it she bought a steep, stony farm on the mountain-side, near the house of Sylvestro's cousin. There she lived the life of a peasant, and, before her first child was born, Sylvestro began to think about marriage, and he married her. She became very brown and strong and healthy, and she created no more disturbance than did other peasant-women when, occasionally, at the end of a feast-day, he beat her.

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To keep your skin youthfully supple, massage with Valaze Cream of Youth—Helena Rubinstein's latest triumph! (7/6). If the muscles in your face and chin droop, pat in Valaze Contour Jelly, a muscle-tightening balsam (4/6).

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The only liquid powder to be offered that will sunproof the skin against freckles, tan and sunburn. Imparts a delightful finish to the face (5/6).

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FLYING NOTES

THE LONG-DISTANCE STAKES

By CAPT. C. E. WARD

THE seasonal migration of aircraft over long distances has already commenced. The motives that inspire pilots to dart off into the blue are as varied as the reasons why girls leave home. Curiosity, boredom, the prospect of kudos or financial gain, a mere matter of business or an affair of pleasure—each is responsible for some flight which may make history or pass unnoticed in a world where wonders have almost ceased. It has been decided, for the time being at least, that no more attempts will be made by the R.A.F. to capture the long-distance record. Meanwhile, the annual service flight from Cairo to the Cape and back has been carried out to within a few minutes of scheduled time, and on this occasion the South African Air Force pilots are also engaged on the complete return trip from the Cape. The recent flight made by Mr. R. N. Chawla from India to England was really a very fine effort, considering that as a pilot he was comparatively inexperienced. The Aga Khan's prize for the first solo flight by an Indian subject between the two countries is still available, because Mr. Chawla carried a passenger, whose name, incidentally, though not his profession, was Mr. Engineer.

MR. AND MRS. ALAN BUTLER are flying to South Africa in the twin-engined Gloster, which has been specially designed for air survey work. Their route lies across Central Europe, then south to Athens before crossing the Mediterranean to Egypt, after which they follow the course of the trans-African air line, which is to be opened as a public service later on this year.

Topical

One of the Gloster Aircraft Co.'s machines fitted with front wheel brakes and mudguards. This new device is being used on air survey aircraft

At the Norfolk and Norwich

LORD THOMSON and Sir Sefton Brancker were the guests of honour at the Club's annual dinner, which was the occasion for a number of witty speeches, and in particular that of the Secretary of State for Air, who explained away the reduced subsidies for clubs by describing his bombing raids on the Treasury stronghold. The Norfolk and Norwich Club was one of the earliest to be founded, and is certainly one of the most efficient in its operations. The president is Mr. H. N. Holmes, J.P., and the chairman Captain A. A. Rice, M.C. Tremendous interest in flying has been created throughout the county by a recent competition organised by the *Eastern Evening News;* this consists of guessing the height of a Moth in flight at a certain zero hour each day. The winner of the day received a free flight, and by means of an essay on his or her impressions of flying has an opportunity of learning to fly at the expense of the paper. The main event of the season is the Annual Flying Display, which takes place on Saturday, July 26, at Mousehold Aerodrome, Norwich. There is to be a unique "surprise item" towards the end of this month or at the beginning of May, details of which are being withheld for the time being.

I.N.A.

Flying-Officers H. L. Piper (left) and C. Kay, who recently flew from Croydon to Australia. They left on February 9 and, although during the flight they suffered a number of minor mishaps, arrived at Port Darwin on March 24. M. Marcel Desoutter, the designer of the aeroplane, is seen standing between them

News from the Clubs

THE new Clubhouse for the Liverpool and District at Hooton Park is to be opened by the Hon. Lady Bailey, D.B.E., at 2.45 on Saturday next. The social side of flying club life has been well thought out—a badminton court is already available and the loan of two racquet courts and a covered tennis court on the aerodrome has been arranged through the courtesy of Mr. Dawson. Lawn tennis, polo, riding, and a rifle range are planned for the near future if the club receives the influx of new members expected this season. The first meeting of the N.F.S. calendar is to be held at Reading on Saturday next, and there is also a club competition for model aeroplanes at Harrogate on the same day. A third meeting in connection with the Ashwell-Cooke Challenge Cup is to be flown at Lympne on Sunday, April 6, organised by the Cinque Ports Club.

THE Lancashire Club has formed a Gliding Section with a lower subscription, which will be of interest not only to present members, but to hundreds of people keen on learning to fly who cannot afford to pay present flying rates or to run a machine of their own. The Club owns three Avians and one Moth, additions to the family being expected very shortly in the shape of one Hermes Avian and one Prutling glider.

THE FADING CAMELLIA

Stage Photo Co.

The death of Marguerite (Tallulah Bankhead) in the revival of "The Lady of the Camellias," at the Garrick Theatre. Apart from the dying Marguerite, the group shows Nichette (Joan Matheson), Gaston (Harold Warrender), Nanine (Winifred Evans), Armand (Glen Byam Shaw), and Gustave (Terence de Marnay)

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Fashions Fancies

By Underwood

Exclusive BYSTANDER *Photo*

A DELICATELY LOVELY FROCK OF TRANSPARENT STRAW

When the sun shines this delightful frock from Marguerite, of 24, Old Bond Street, will certainly be seen. An unusual fabricating medium has been used, for it is composed of bands of crinoline straw, the full skirt, on which is poised four bows, springing from a sheath-like top belted with satin ribbon at the natural waistline. The long sleeves are of net, and the shady hat is of Baku, bordered with crinoline

A WEEK-END ENSEMBLE FOR EASTER

By Olive Caley Smith

An effective modern window treatment designed by Williamson and Cole. Gold-coloured Lima Jaspé allied with blue is appliquéd with colourful chrysanthemums

NOT everybody is fortunate enough to be able to redecorate their houses when the Spring arrives, but every woman knows what a marvellous difference new curtains and chair covers can make.

MODERN in design, but restful in effect, are the hangings depicted at the head of this page. Gaily coloured chrysanthemums are appliquéd on gold-coloured Lima Jaspé, allied with blue across the corners and at the top of one of them.

THEY come from Williamson and Cole, of High Street, Clapham, and are available for £3 19*s.* 6*d.* a pair, or in Mulgrave Art Silk lined with Sun Syrian they would cost £5 10*s.* a pair. The all-hair Siesta easy chair may be procured, in plain lining, for £7 7*s.*

WITH the Easter holidays at hand one's thoughts turn to clothes, and the difficulty of packing into a small space sufficient to enable one to be well dressed throughout the day. It is a real problem, especially for the woman who chooses to play golf on links near a fashionable town, for it is essential that she should include a sporting and a formal ensemble.

RICHARD SANDS, of 187a, Sloane Street, have studied her position, and now offer her the "Week-end" suit sketched on this page. It consists of a lime green Nanik overcoat, luxuriously collared with white caracul, and ornamented with a scalloped edging on the sleeves and pockets.

BENEATH it, in the morning, is worn a matching skirt, with pleats in front set into crossed bands below the hip yoke. A white wool sleeveless jumper, spotted with green, accompanies it, the suit being completed by a green wool cardigan spotted with white.

THEN, in the afternoon, these are discarded in favour of a beautiful green crêpe-marocain frock, with curved tucks at the hips, and pleated panels set into the skirt. A soft jabot falls from the sleeves, and flat bows decorate the corsage, with its inset vest.

The week-end clothes problem is solved by this ensemble from Richard Sands, which consists of a lime green coat, worn over a matching skirt with a spotted wool jumper and cardigan, or with an intricately cut green crêpe-marocain frock

Sketches by Margot

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SHOOTING NOTES

SHOOTING SYNDICATES—GOOD & BAD

By "Clodhopper"

Topical

Mr. J. A. Carbery's Irish Setters, Sarsfield of Boyne (left) and Joan of Boyne, seen above, have won thirteen certificates, have been chosen eleven times as the best dogs in various shows, and in 1929 won the Gold Cup and Medal at Waterford for the Best Dogs (all round) in the Free State. They are seen with Mr. Eugene Ferris, Judge of the Irish Kennel Club

I HEAR that the London and the Scottish agents for deer forests, grouse moors, sporting rights, and salmon and trout fishings have already received many applications for shootings for next season. As usual, not a few of the best forests and grouse moors have been leased by sportsmen from the land of dollars and bootlegging, and I understand that some northern lairds and landowners very much like leasing their sporting rights to our American cousins, as the latter, apart from paying high rentals, are, generally speaking, such indifferent game-shots, especially at driven grouse, that they invariably leave a good stock of birds on the ground. But I believe it is a generally accepted fact that even the most closely shot Yorkshire and Scottish moors showed rather too heavy a breeding stock of grouse at the close of last season.

IT is not a difficult matter for a sportsman of unlimited means to secure a good grouse moor, partridge manor, or covert shoot. On the other hand it is by no means easy for one of limited means to "scent out" nowadays a good small mixed or rough shoot; while, to take a gun in a syndicate shoot of unknown quality is rather akin to backing a candidate for, say, the "Lincoln" or the "National" a month before such events take place. If you are lucky your horse may *run*, and if you are devilish lucky he may be included among the first dozen or so at the finish. Briefly it is, generally speaking, a bit of a venture to join a shooting syndicate unless every member of the same is personally known to you. Then, if amicably run and efficiently organised and managed, a shoot of this kind may be developed into a highly successful and a very happy little sporting club. Needless to add, however, a syndicate shoot must be managed and directed by the most experienced and practical member of the "covey," who should be loyally supported by his fellow guns without questioning or bickering. It requires but one malcontent to upset the equilibrium and harmony of either a big or small shooting club, even as one uncongenial member of a yacht's amateur crew can mar an enjoyable cruise. The difference between two such intolerable nuisances is that a "Jonah" may be landed at any old port in the yacht's dinghy, whereas it is not such an easy matter to give a dissentious member of a syndicate shoot his congé once he has paid his subscription.

MAX BAKER'S SHOOTING NOTE

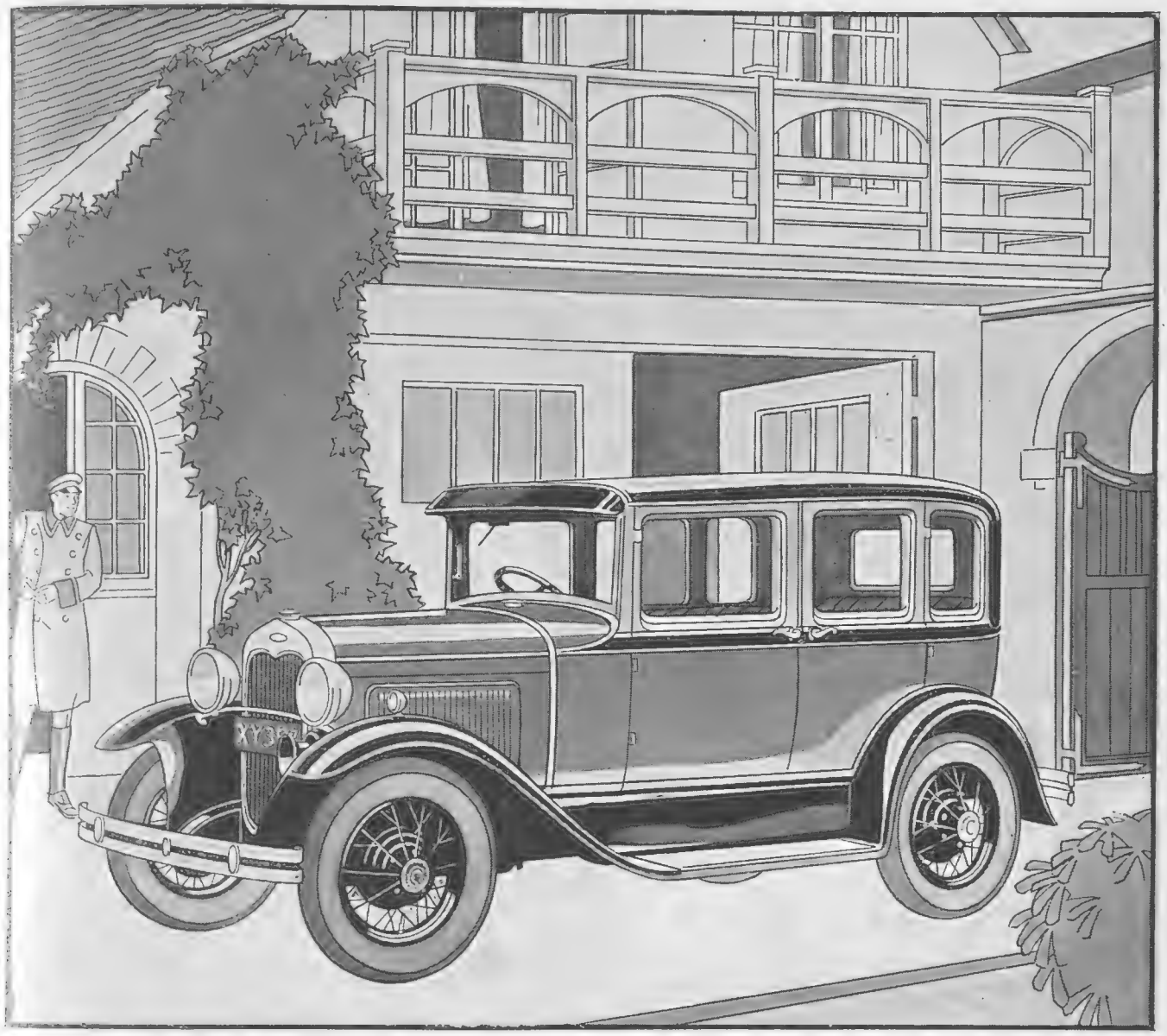
SECURE HEALTHY BROODY HENS

ONE of the most important adjuncts in carrying through a successful rearing programme is to reserve in advance the necessary supply of broody hens for hatching the pheasant eggs and performing the exacting duties of foster mother both in the rearing field and for a brief spell in the coverts. In a game district competition is keen, with the double result that prices are liable to become exorbitant and that birds of questionable health may have to be accepted for want of better. The services of a motor car prove very useful in this connection, since a greater area of country can be scoured and hens selected from quarters which carry their own certificate of cleanliness. What with preliminary inquiries and journeys to collect when the time is ripe, the owner or a member of his family can release the keeper from a preoccupation, to the advantage of pressing work at home. Don't lose sight of the hens after their discharge from duty. They have enjoyed an uncommonly good time and their routine has so far been upset that they lay with prodigous vigour in the autumn, when normal supplies are at their scarcest. If you take on the above and any other duties that can be delegated to a part-timer see that the leisure resulting is profitably expended in the pursuit of vermin. To rear a lot of birds and turn them into neglected coverts is not exactly wise.

MY own personal experience of taking a gun in what my congenial and widely known brother shooting-scribe, Max Baker, very happily designates a "co-operative shooting," has been equally happy. For the past two seasons I have taken a sixth share in a shoot of this description, consisting of rather more than 4,000 acres of excellent partridge and covert shooting on the borders of Notts and Lincolnshire. The subscription per gun was £135, which covered all expenses (bar cartridges and "incidentals"), including gamekeepers' and beaters' wages. As could only be expected after the disastrous partridge year of 1927, the sport provided by the "little brown birds" during the subsequent season was nothing to boast about. Last season, however, we enjoyed magnificent shooting, and as driving did not take place until the second week in October, the birds were remarkably strong—rather too strong for some of us—on the wing. Three extensive well-stocked and well-placed coverts on the estate also afforded excellent pheasant shooting, while, from the farmers' point of view, ground game, especially hares, was rather too plentiful. I may mention that, as is customary on most big syndicate shoots nowadays, practically every head of game shot was sold to dealers in the principal Midland towns, those guns who required a brace of birds, or a hare, being asked to pay market price for the same. By such means every gun received at the finish of last season a rebate of £51 10s., which "panned out" to £83 10s. per gun for a bumper season's shooting. One need hardly add that the syndicate in question, consisting, as it does, of sportsmen in the true sense of the word, invariably leaves ample breeding stock on the ground, keeps down vermin, and carries out the "rules of the game."

HOWEVER, quite a different story could be told about shooting syndicates of another species to that already mentioned. One which should be fought shy of by reputable sportsmen, landowners and farmers. The syndicates I refer to consist of commercialist *sports* (I use word "sports" advisedly and in contradistinction to the time-honoured title of sportsman) who, having hit upon a likely looking shoot, hire the sole sporting rights over the same from, perchance, some unsophisticated farmer, and proceed to do harm all round.

THE NEW FORDOR SALOON



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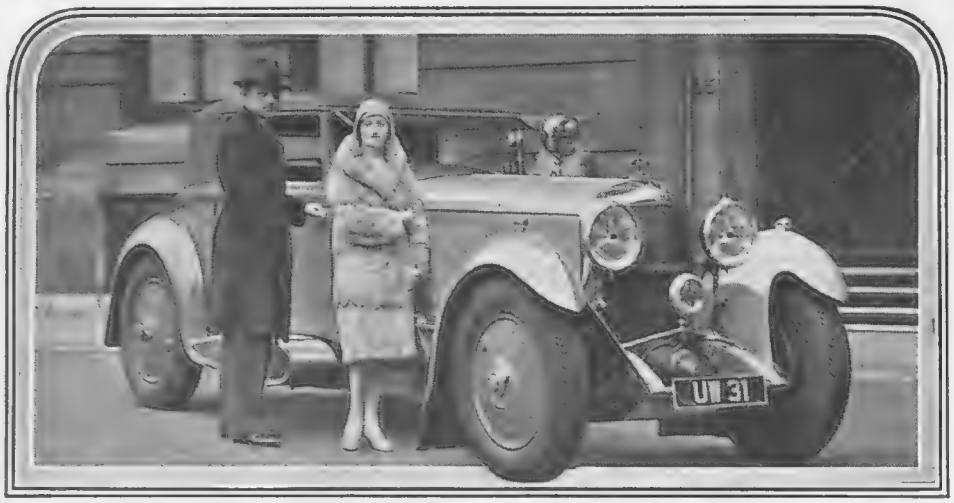
MOTOR NOTES



A fine model of the Silent Speed Six 6½-litre Bentley Sportsman's Coupé. Beside the car are seen Jack Melford and Rénée Mallory, the well-known stage stars

"THE BYSTANDER" ROVER CAR

By E. M. Wright

A MORE attractive car could not have been chosen as the first prize in the new BYSTANDER competition than the Rover Light Six four-door saloon. It is one of those cars which stand out of the ruck of competitors at and around its price, as will quickly be seen when one comes to consider how it was evolved. The now well-known 2-litre Rover is, as all the world knows, available with a range of roomy bodywork at £368 upwards, and fitted with a 16 h.p. six-cylinder engine capable of giving a genuine speed of 60 m.p.h. and a correspondingly good all-round performance on the road. The Light Six has the same engine and gear box in a lighter and shorter chassis, with somewhat smaller and lighter coachwork to match. The result, as may well be imagined, is a car with a very high ratio of power to weight and a correspondingly sparkling performance—distinctly of the sporting variety. There is no other car quite like it on the market.

***

THE actual model which forms our first prize is appropriately a new one, only introduced quite recently. When the Rover Light Six was first evolved, at Olympia time in October last, it was marketed with a very attractive-looking two-door saloon of most modern lines. The accommodation was of the variety known as an occasional four-seater, having two full-sized independently adjustable front seats and room for two or three in the rear seats, with deep wells to provide them with adequate leg room, access to this part of the car being obtained by tipping forward the front passenger's seat. The appearance was distinguished by the positively rakish lines of the saloon, a steeply sloping windscreen without vizor, and cycle type front wings. At £325 large numbers of this fine-looking car have been sold and readers must have noticed them on the road.

The new model—one might almost call it THE BYSTANDER model, for this competition will help to make it famous—has much the same body (a genuine Weymann) except that it has four full-sized doors and normal front wings. Yet its price is but £335. Thus, at only £10 more than the two-door saloon—which, be it noted, it does not supersede, but only supplements—it is sensationally good value.

***

BEFORE this car was officially selected as the first prize I had a trial of its road performance, and I can sum it up as being fully in accordance with what the specification would lead one to expect—

(*Continued on page* viii)

ON THE MOVE

There will be countless holiday scenes this Easter which you will long to capture with all their swift-passing beauty of movement. Snaps will not satisfy you; the picture must be a moving one. See your photographic dealer about a Pathéscope Motocamera for your trip. You will be amazed at the beauty of the results obtained. The Motocamera won't cost you much in upkeep, either—a reel of film taking over a thousand pictures costs only 2/7.

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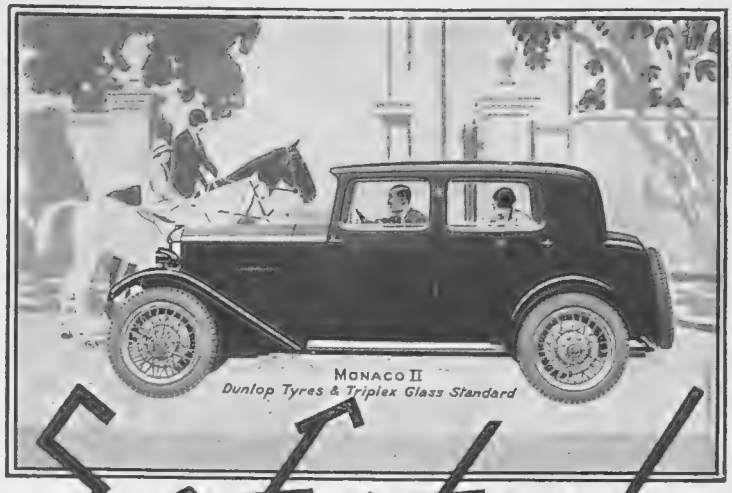

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and when writing ask for copy of colour catalogue and the "Riley Record."

MOTOR NOTES (continued from page vi)

which in itself is high praise. It is fully 15 per cent. faster and more lively than most cars of this horse-power, up to 70 m.p.h. being obtainable in top gear. This is impressive enough, but not so much so as the remarkable silence with which it is obtained. At a cruising gait of 50 to 55 m.p.h., which it will maintain indefinitely up hill and down dale, the Rover makes no more fuss than the majority of cars at little over half that speed; and at a speed of 35 to 40 m.p.h. the noise is so slight that when one slips the gear lever into neutral and lets the engine die down to a tick-over there is no noticeable difference such as makes this operation a welcome relief on most cars that I know of.

***

THE driving position deserves a whole story to itself. In spite of the low build of the saloon the seat is high enough to give a proper sense of control, yet there is no need to doff one's hat. The steering column is so steeply raked that it disappears into the dash and is no more seen by the occupants of the car, so that there is nothing to foul the knees or feet of the most out-size in drivers. The wheel itself is, therefore, almost vertical, which adds incredibly to the ease of control; and the steering itself is perfectly delightful at all speeds. If it were for nothing else but its driving position and the sense of control, I consider that this Rover would be unique; but as it is, this feature sets the seal on its charm from the owner-driver's point of view.

***

AMONGST the many attractive points about the body are the flaps attached to the rear doors, which cover their respective wings and take the mud, so that the front edges of the wings themselves are always clean, and skirts or overcoats are not soiled on the way into the back compartment. The equipment includes a folding luggage grid and dipping headlights. Altogether this Rover represents very much more value than its modest price would indicate, and is as British, from radiator cap to back axle, as it is possible for any car to be. All Rover cars, it will be recalled, are guaranteed for two years.

A 16-50 h.p. Saloon Humber seen on top of the Hottentots Holland Mountains in South Africa, where the car successfully toured the Union. It is seen near Lowry's Pass

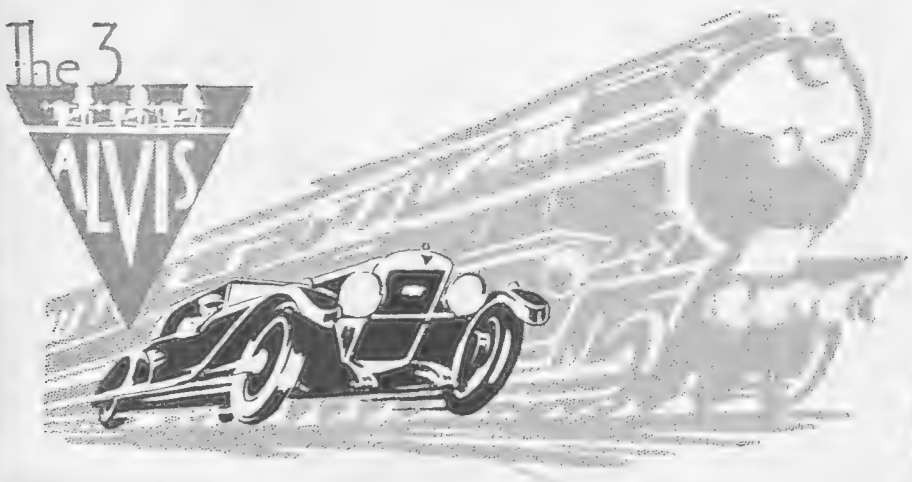
New Fiat Model

THE Fiat Company has just introduced a new model of considerable interest called the 10-30. It is based on the experience gained from the three well-known types of this make—the former 10-15, the 9 h.p., and the latest Fiat Sixes. Thus the new model is by no means an experiment, and before its introduction to the English market many have been in service on the Continent. The engine is a four-cylinder of 67 × 102 mm. and a cubic capacity of 1,438 c.c. A four-speed gear box is fitted with a reasonably high third. The tax is £12. Silent running is a feature of the engine. The coachbuilt saloon costs £260 upholstered in cloth or £266 in leather. A Weymann saloon is marketed at £265, or with sunshine roof at £275.

Police and Parking

IN about a dozen parking places in and around the West End the police now permit cars to be left without lights. This concession, it is explained, is an experiment, but it so obviously accords with commonsense that there is little chance of the experiment failing. Meanwhile, motorists should not forget that, except in these favoured "experimental" parks, the old lighting regulations are still in force. In giving honour

(*Continued on page x*)



"Silver Eagle" outwings the BLUE TRAIN.

on one filling of WAKEFIELD CASTROL XL

ON the evening of February 24th, a standard ALVIS Silver Eagle took the Calais road at St. Raphael just as the proud Blue Train most luxurious of Continental "rapides" — gathered speed at the start of its 720-mile run from the Riviera. All through the night, the Silver Eagle flew across the sleeping country for the coast. When daylight came, a stretch of 112 miles was covered in two hours. Just after noon, the ALVIS was in Calais — three hours before the famous express

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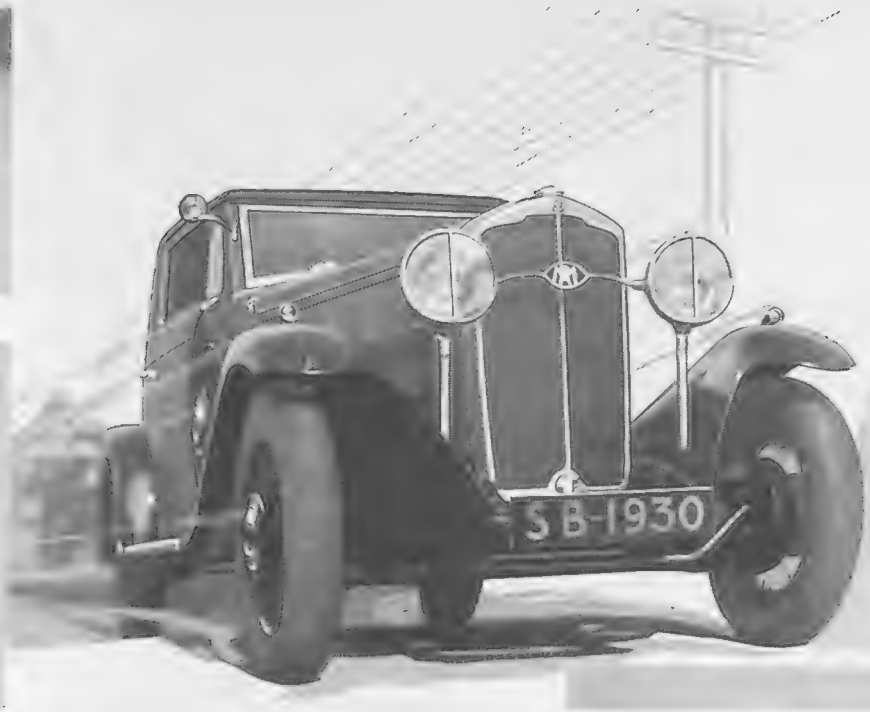

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Here is a 20 h.p. six-cylinder car, possessing all the good points which the motorist of to-day desires, including

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MARLES STEERING.

Points in the performance of the METEOR are: acceleration from 10 to 30 m.p.h. on top gear in under 10 secs., or in 6 secs. on third speed; maximum speed exceeding 70 m.p.h.; petrol consumption around 21 m.p.g. Yet the "Braunston" Saloon, Sportsman's Saloon or Sportsman's Coupe each cost but

£398

Other models are: "Regal" model "Braunston" Saloon, Sportsman's Saloon or Sportsman's Coupe £440; 2-Seater Sports Tourer £380; 4-Seater Sports Tourer £390; Coachbuilt Saloon £438, "Regal" model £480; Limousine £495, "Regal" model £537.

IT Took foresight and pioneering spirit to introduce the 20 h.p. Rover Meteor - - - the first high powered British Car to sell at a moderate figure, but you will soon see that a new fashion has been set

ROVER

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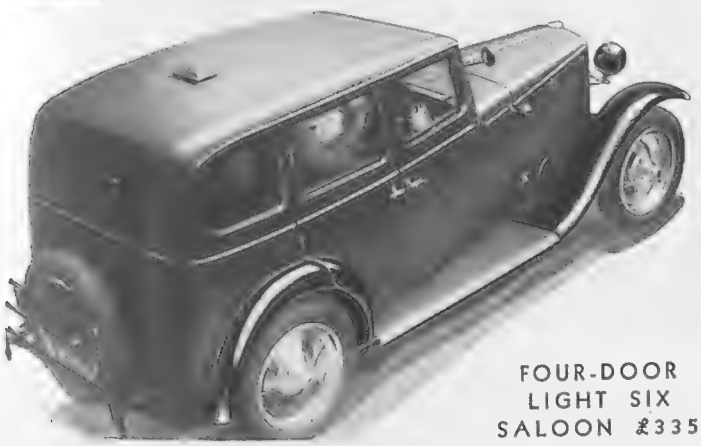

FOUR-DOOR LIGHT SIX SALOON £335

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SPORTSMAN'S COUPE	£270
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SPORTSMAN'S SALOON	£325
Do., "Regal" Model	£355
FOUR-DOOR SALOON	£335
Do., "Regal" Model	£365
The Two-Litre (£16 tax, 6-cyl.)	
TWO-SEATER SPORTS TOURER	£360
FOUR-SEATER do.	£370
SALOON (Weymann)	£368
Do., "Regal" Model	£418
"Braunston" SALOON	£368
Do., "Regal" Model	£418
SPORTSMAN'S COUPE	£368
Do., "Regal" Model	£410
SPORTSMAN'S SALOON	£368
Do., "Regal" Model	£410
COACHBUILT SALOON	£408
Do., "Regal" Model	£458
LIMOUSINE	£465
Do., "Regal" Model	£515

(All prices quoted are for delivery at Works (Coventry).)

THE ROVER COMPANY LTD., COVENTRY.

MOTOR NOTES (continued from page viii)

where honour is due, the harassed motorist may be forgiven for asking why it has taken so many years of agitation and complaint to convince the police that this innovation was worth trying, for they have had the power to do so for years past. We have still to wait for any concession with regard to time limits during the slack hours of the day and night and during the week-end. In another ten years perhaps it will dawn upon the police that there are periods when the parks are almost deserted. In 1940 possibly they will make another "experiment," and allow us a longer time limit during the slack hours.

New Garage Jack

MANY an enthusiastic owner-driver equips his garage fairly completely with a tool chest, and a number of accessories. But few go the length of a garage jack, and I often wonder whether it is because they consider it an extravagance. It certainly is not so, when one considers the extra work and manœuvring of the car that can be done with this type of lifting device. An interesting novelty as regards this has just been introduced by the Dunlop Company. It is of an exclusive design with an adjustable "crutch" in addition to the hand adjustable centre rack, thus enabling it to lift cars with as widely different axle heights as 6¾ and 14½ inches. It costs 56*s*.

Cars of Distinction

THE Editor, who takes a deep interest in the development of motoring, and has driven almost every type of car, tells me he was very delighted with the performance of a 16-50 h.p. Humber four-door saloon he tested recently for a few days. His actual mission was Swansea for the Irish-Wales International match, and he had a full load of three passengers plus luggage. She ran the distance to Cardiff, where the party stayed, 160 miles, at an average, minus two short stops, of over 35 m.p.h., and never gave a moment's trouble from start to finish, while the petrol consumption there and back averaged over 16 miles per gallon, remarkable in the circumstances. The car holds the road beautifully, acceleration in traffic is very flexible, for from 3 m.p.h. acceleration can be gathered without the least effort. At a road speed of between 55-60 there is not the slightest vibration. The Humber 16-50 is a very handsome road car, and there are many varieties of colours and decorations to suit the taste of the purchaser, while the price is exceedingly moderate for its power and class.

A picturesque view showing a Wolseley 12-32 h.p. Fabric Saloon. It is seen on the road from Ellastone to Leek in the district of the Weaver Hills

ANOTHER car the Editor is very taken with is the Blackhawk Stutz, with Weymann body. This is a luxury car built for speed, its low centre of gravity, made possible by the worm gear, giving a feeling of confidence and absence of any suggestion of side-slip at the highest speeds. The Blackhawk is luxuriously fitted with safety glass, steel running boards, safety non-glare Ryan headlights, and among other features the ingenious "No-back" device, which automatically prevents the car from rolling backwards on hills or inclines in a traffic hold-up. The price of the Blackhawk Stutz, a luxury car par excellence, is for the six-cylinder 28 h.p., £950, and for the eight-cylinder 37 h.p., £1,295.

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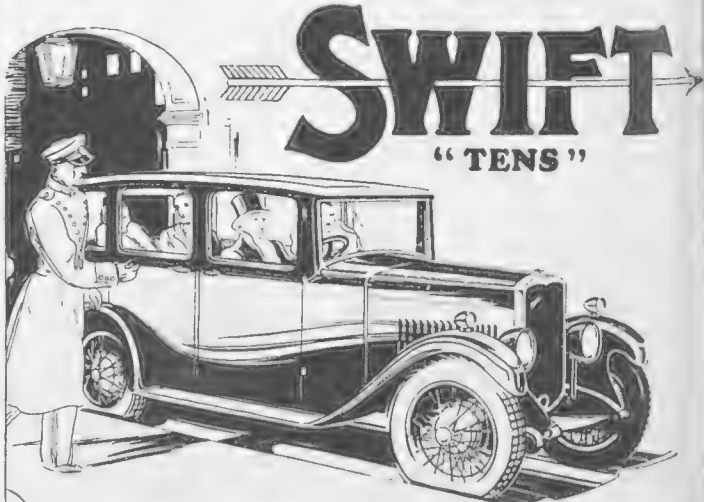

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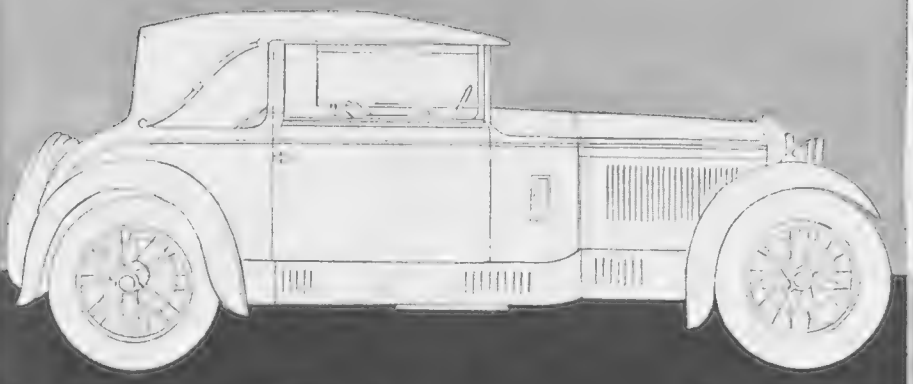

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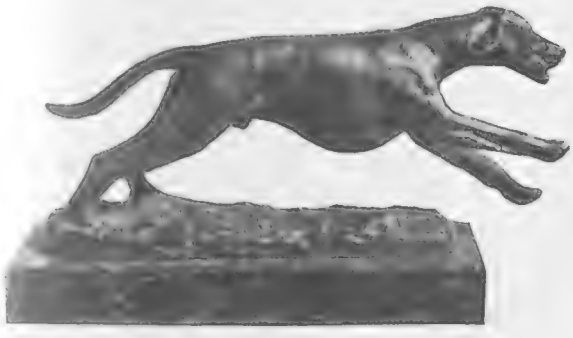

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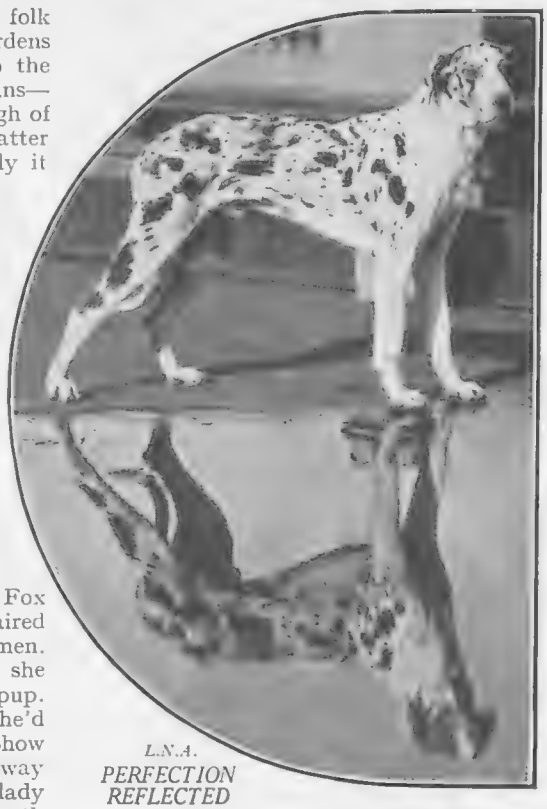
DOGS

WHICH BOROUGH LEADS? By "The Kennelman"

THOUSANDS of well-bred canine folk who frequent Kensington Gardens and the Park hold strongly to the view that their own particular humans—residents, that is, of the Royal Borough of Kensington—lead the Town in the matter of doggy lore and standing. Certainly it must be admitted that Kensington puts up highly successful Dog Shows each year, which of late have grown so big as to come into the class of the most important dozen Shows of the year. This year's is due on Thursday of next week at the Crystal Palace—secretary, Jas. Pye, 14, Elgin Road, Addiscombe—and will be well worth a visit.

As in the collection of books, china, pictures or the like, so in Dog-fancying, your keen amateur, however high he rates the other charms of his hobby, does also savour the material side of a good deal. The other day a lady breeder of Fox Terriers was showing some wire-haired youngsters to one of her local tradesmen. "A pity that little bitch is so shy," she said, pointing out a seven months' pup. "Her points are quite good, but she'd have a fit if you took her into a Show ring." The tradesman was rather by way of defending the bashful pup, but the lady breeder was impatient. "Not worth bothering with," said she. "I don't mind a little fault of ear carriage, but I do like a Terrier to *be* a Terrier."



L.N.A.

PERFECTION REFLECTED

Odin of Send, a beautiful harlequin Great Dane belonging to Mr. William Henderson, of Belfast, and winner of all the principal prizes for the breed at the Irish Kennel Club Show in Dublin

WELL, the upshot was the tradesman backed his fancy, bought this champion-bred pup for a five-pound note, took it home and made much of it in the bosom of his family; a process which doubtless encouraged the little beggar to carry its stern rather more gaily. Anyhow, precisely four weeks later, at the county town's annual Show, this eight months' pup, albeit still a little shy, swept the board in very aristocratic company; actually taking first prize in each class: Novice, Graduate, Limit and Open. And, pray note, the tradesman was offered, and refused, fifty guineas for his little winner before he left the building. Before summer comes that pup will quite likely be worth several hundred pounds.

Two points seem specially to have exercised the minds of readers of these Notes. (1) A woman has written to a daily paper protesting that there's crime and cruelty in the keeping of more than three million Dogs when unemployment and consequent want are rife. This is really the silliest sort of moonshine, for the maintenance of our Dogs yields profitable employment for thousands of wage-earners. (2) Thanks to the *Morning Post*, and its correspondent, C. B. H., for very sensibly and temperately ventilating the Dog quarantine question. We're all agreed in shutting out rabies infection perils from these islands; but six solid months for carefully vetted Dogs in perfect health. Thanks for the ventilation.

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is full of golden opportunities. It is a pageant of scenes, events and customs, many of them unique, in a life's experience.

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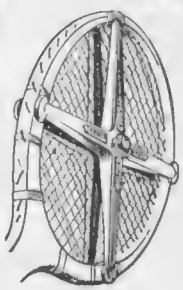

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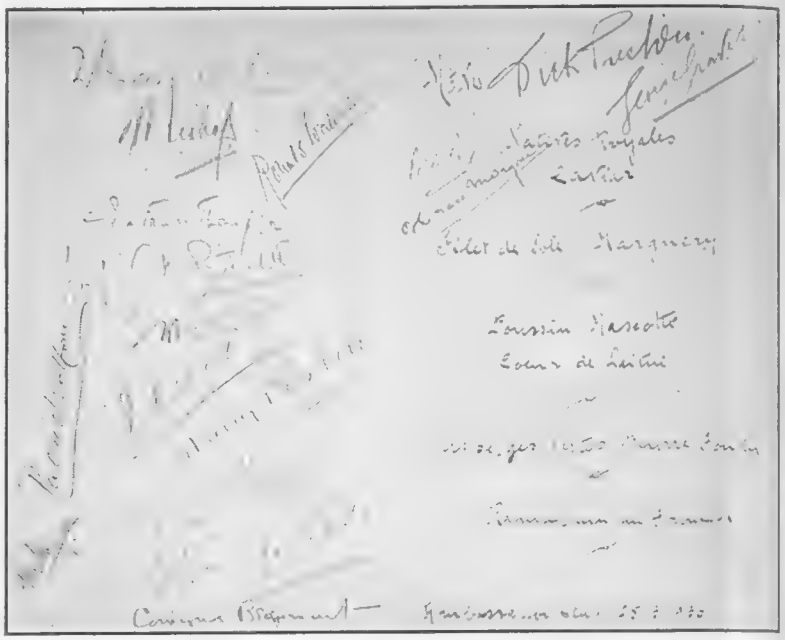
Sole à la Lyonnaise

FILLET a sole and tie each fillet into a knot, butter a fireproof dish and put the fillets into it, with some small pieces of butter, cover them with buttered paper. Cook from ten to fifteen minutes until the fish is done. Place the trimmings in a stewpan with one small sliced carrot, half a stick of celery (also sliced), one clove, a bunch of herbs and one tablespoonful of chopped parsley, and enough stock or water to cover them. Bring to the boil and then simmer for one hour. Strain off the liquor. Cut one small onion into thin slices and fry it in butter until a golden brown, mix gradually into it half an ounce of flour, and then add half a pint of the liquor, stir until the sauce thickens, add a dessertspoonful of chopped parsley, and the moisture from the fillets. Pour the sauce over and serve very hot.

Fried Chicken à l'Américaine

SPLIT a chicken down the back, and cut into joints. Place in a large pan two tablespoonfuls of lard, and, when hot, put in the chicken and fry brown on both sides. Cover the pan, pouring out most of the gravy, put back in the oven and cook slowly for thirty minutes. Add one tablespoonful of flour to the gravy, mix smoothly and add half pint of milk, a pinch of pepper and salt, and stir until creamy. Arrange the chicken on a hot dish and surround it with mushrooms previously fried in butter, and some small rolls of bacon. Pour the gravy round and serve.



The menu of an appetising lunch, served at the Ambassadors Club, given by Mr. Harry Preston for Mr. Tom Webster. On the left can be seen the signatures of a number of well-known people who were present

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fine—full flavoured—liqueur
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THE EDITOR'S BOX

What Shall We Wear ?

Never has Fashion been in a more bewildering mood than she is this Spring. The question on everybody's lips is, "What dresses are really going to be worn?" and "What length ought our skirts to be?" Much valuable information may be obtained from the catalogue which has just been issued by Swan and Edgar, of Piccadilly Circus. Profusely illustrated, it depicts evening gowns and wraps of every type, morning and afternoon ensembles for all occasions. Nor have the menfolk and children been forgotten, for several pages are devoted to their requirements. This extremely interesting booklet will gladly be sent post free to anybody mentioning the name of this paper.

A Holiday Guide

"Holiday Haunts, 1930," published by the Great Western Railway, is now in its twenty-fifth year, and 200,000 copies have been printed to meet the demand of the holiday-maker for the forthcoming season. The book has been entirely rewritten by Maxwell Fraser, and is handsomely illustrated. The publication gives complete information concerning the hundreds of resorts served by the Great Western Railway, and it contains about 8,500 addresses of hotels, boarding-houses, apartments, farmhouses, etc. It can be obtained, price 6*d*., at all Great Western Railway stations and at all the trade booksellers.

The New Excelsior Family Cruiser

Easter time will witness the introduction of a new owner-driven family cruiser, Excelsior This thoroughly seaworthy craft, which is 45ft. in length, has a steel hull and is fitted with two 30 h.p. Dorman engines, giving it an economical cruising speed of 10 m.p.h. The boat is easily controlled from a commodious deckhouse, and in wet weather access can be gained to any part of the vessel without going on deck. Among the many attractions of this new craft, the sleeping accommodation is, perhaps, the most noteworthy. There is a double berth stateroom and two single cabins aft, which all afford excellent wardrobe space, etc., and are fitted with running water. A berth and cot forward complete the sleeping quarters. Two persons, however, can be put up in the spacious saloon. The first batch of these cruisers is now under construction and will be ready about Easter. For full particulars apply to the designers, A. E. Martin and Co., 79, Mark Lane, E.C.3.

MR. ERNEST A. PERRIS

The well-known editor of "The Daily Chronicle" and "Sunday News." The latter, although only recently reorganised, is already proving a universal success

These splendid chocolate eggs are made by Messrs. Barker and Dobson, and, while containing a delicious assortment of Verona chocolates, they present a most attractive appearance

Fascinating Eggs

To the few unfortunate people who have not seen Barker and Dobson Chocolate Eggs, chocolate eggs must seem rather dull. But a B. and D. Chocolate Egg is as pleasant to taste as it is to look upon, and it is filled with good chocolates. The Barker Dobson Verona Chocolate Egg is filled with delicious Verona chocolates, and is ribboned in a most attractive and original manner. The ribbon is not merely tied round the egg; it is threaded through the shell and tied in a dainty bow at the top. Indeed, the Verona Egg makes a very enjoyable Easter gift.

Shakespeare Birthday Festival

The annual Shakespeare Birthday Festival at Stratford-upon-Avon, which begins on Monday, April 21, will continue for five weeks. Performances will take place nightly at eight, with two matinées weekly, on Wednesdays and Saturdays, and will be given by the Stratford-upon-Avon Festival Company under the direction of W. Bridges Adams. "Othello" has been chosen for the Birthday Play on April 23, while the remainder of the repertoire includes, among others, "The Tempest," "A Midsummer Night's Dream," and "Julius Cæsar." All particulars may be obtained from the Box Office, Memorial Theatre, Stratford-upon-Avon, or from W. H. Savery, General Manager, The Stratford-upon-Avon Festival Company, Kent House, 87, Regent Street, London, W.1.

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Folks Who Always Feel Tired

Should Be Suspicious of Auto-Intoxication

A persistent tired feeling, accompanied by drowsiness, dull headaches, and a general lack of interest in life in general, is one of the surest signs of a state of self-poisoning. Intestines, becoming sluggish, allow the waste matter to accumulate. Putrefaction sets in, which breeds toxins that are absorbed by the blood stream and carried to every part of the body to steal your strength and vitality, lower your resistance, and make you chronically weak, tired, and listless.

Any person who is not feeling up to par should begin drinking hot water with the juice of half a lemon every morning upon arising. It is well to add to this a tablespoonful of Kutnow's Saline Powder, for this improves the action of both the water and the lemon juice. Kutnow's Powder is a famous natural saline-alkaline aperient that has been used for years to reduce acidity and combat putrefaction in the gastro-intestinal canal. It makes a delightful effervescent drink that anyone will relish.

Get about four ounces from any chemist and take it regularly every morning for a week. See what a difference in your physical condition, even in so short a time! Mark the better appetite you have and strength and energy you feel. It's really marvellous the difference when one is internally clean. Just ask your chemist for Kutnow's Powder. Four ounces is enough to make a conclusive test.

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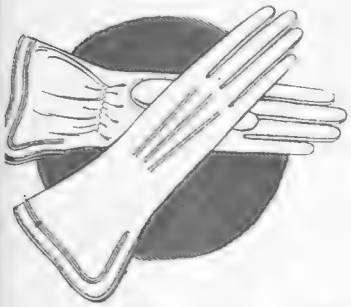
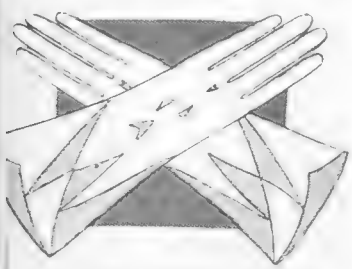


52. Ladies' Super Quality **Washable Doeskin Sac Gloves,** with elastic at wrist (as sketch). Perfectly cut from first choice skins, with smart piping round cuff. Available in Mushroom, Mouse, Beaver, Light or Mid Grey. **8/11**



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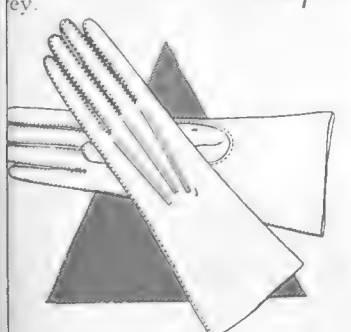

54. Ladies' Hand-sewn Super Quality **Washable Cape Sac Gloves** (as sketch), stout, selected, washable skins and the newest style. Available in Mushroom, Mouse Beaver or Grey. **9/11**

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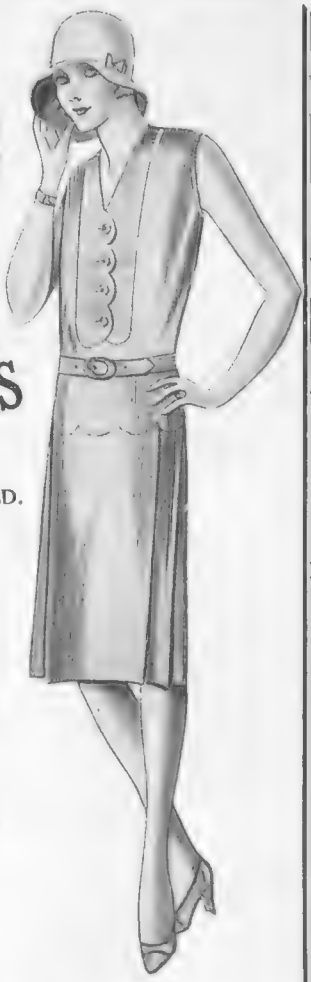

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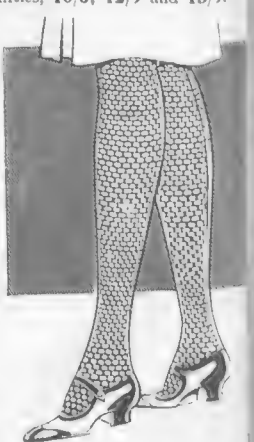

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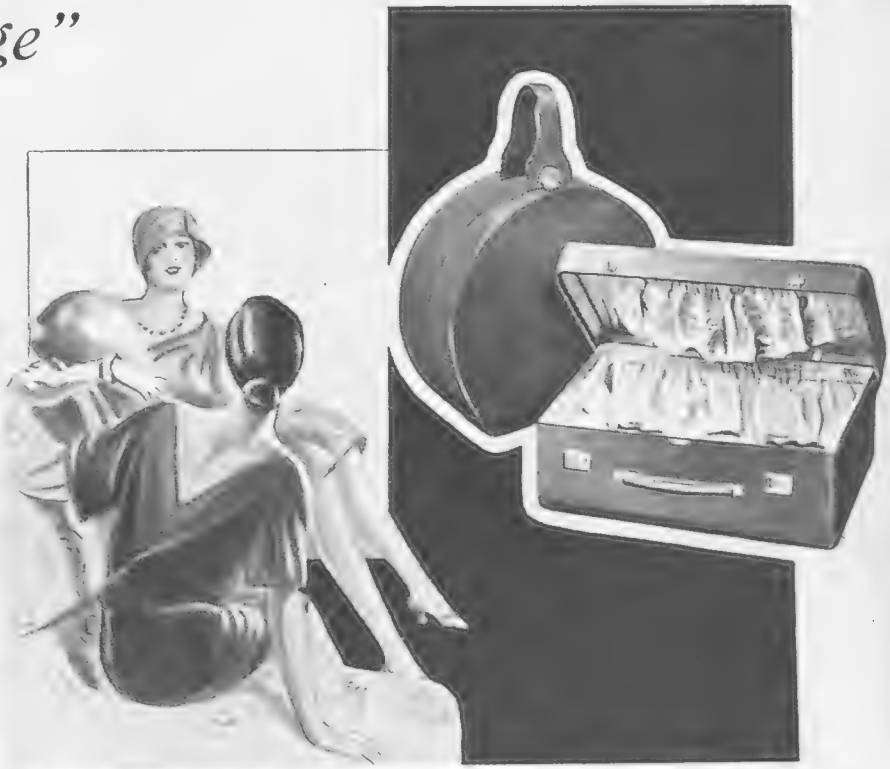

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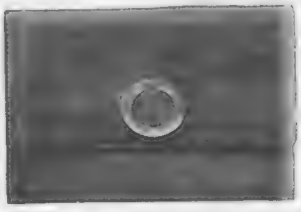

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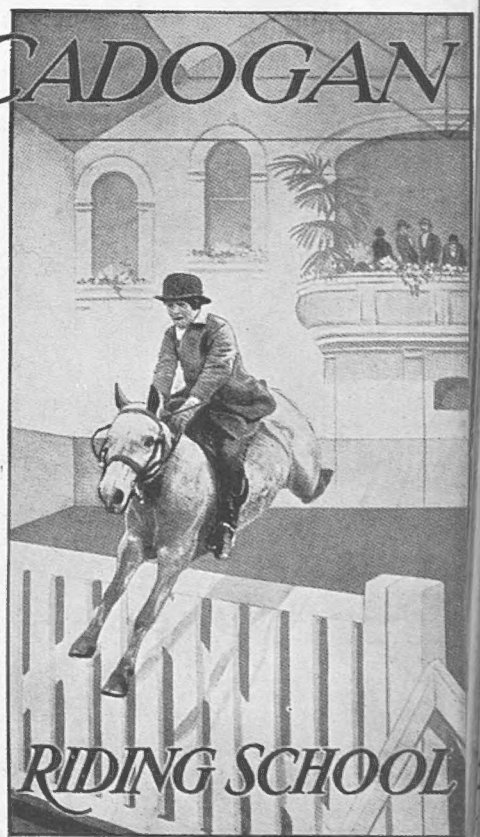

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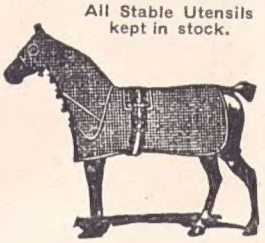

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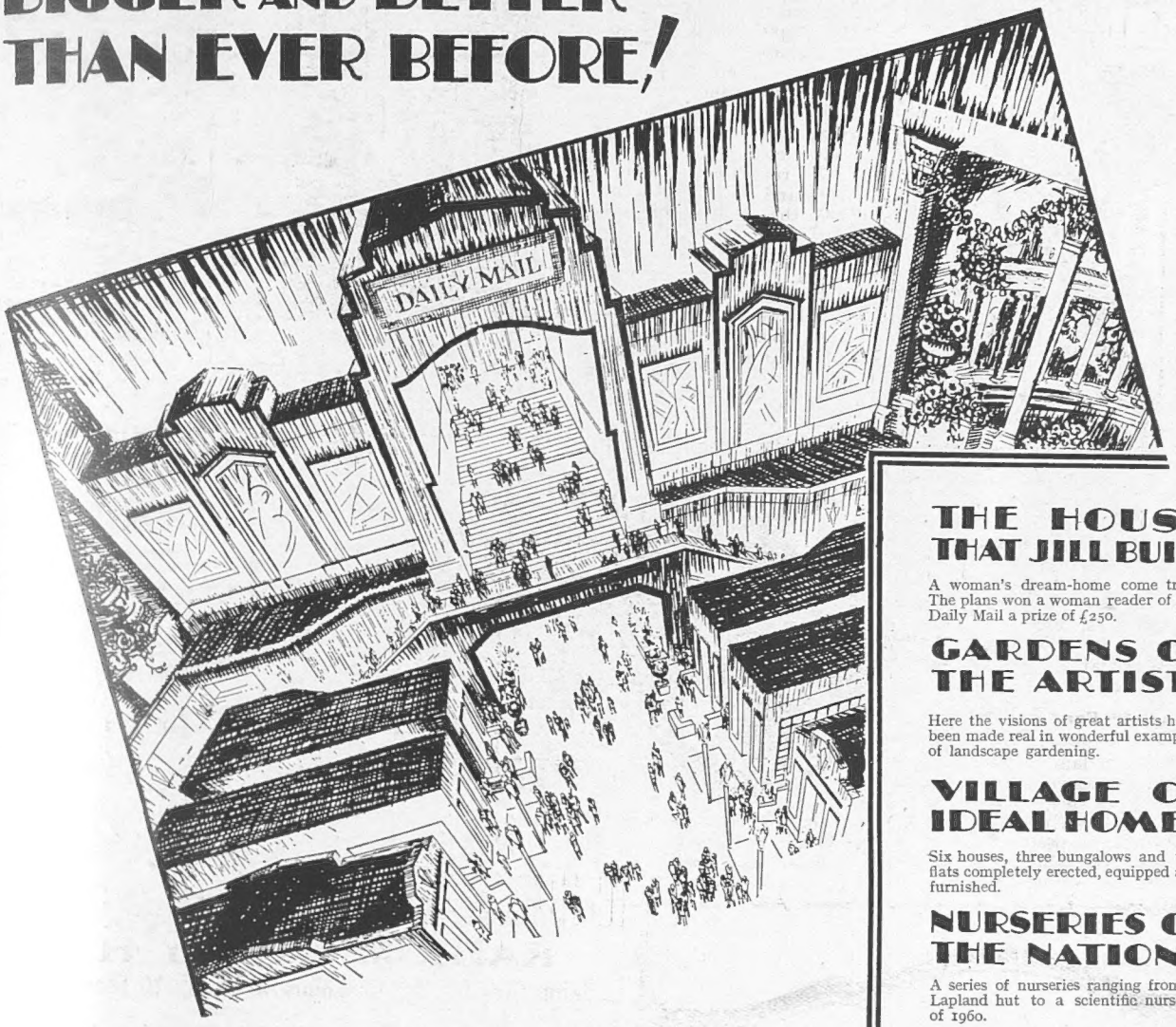

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